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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Rosebery was as great a "draw" as ever on Monday. If the Lords charged for admission to hear their debates, they could safely raise prices fifty per cent. when Lord Rosebery was down for a set oration. Beyond possible cavil he is the leading star of the Peers' company, which is much to be. This debate itself has shown how many good performers the Upper House can put on. Lord Rosebery is a great actor, one of the greatest, and his effect is unfortunately the actor's effect. His destructive criticism of the Government was just blasting—hearing it was like watching lightning playing lightly and deadly round that it is going to strike. What could be more killing than his thrust at the Government plan of "veto first and reform afterwards"? Would the extremists who had got all they wanted by the paralysis of the Upper House be such fools as to let the Government resuscitate it? Like the South American wasp they would sting their prey helpless and leave it to be devoured at convenience.

But there was nothing striking on the constructive side. That part of the speech merely took away from the brilliancy of the rest. The idea of County Councils electing peers is futile; as Lord Lansdowne evidently sees. The public attitude to the House of Lords turns wholly on their being lords. One part regards them because they are lords; another resents them for precisely the same reason. Make them some lords and some not and you lose the respect of the one without conciliating the other. No one had anything better to suggest. Lord Courtney's idea of eighty peers appointed by the Prime Minister for the one parliament will not help much when the Conservatives are in office. And life peerages, if they become common, will have no attraction for the best men. They will go the way of knighthood.

We must say Lord Morley was well entitled, if not welcome, to his gibe at the marvellous transformation of the Unionist party on the reform of the House of Lords. What Lord Rosebery said of the Home Rule debate of 1893 may truly be said of this one: "this is an unreal debate". Not that no business is meant, but that no one on either side of the House wants to reform it—unless it be Lord Rosebery, who has made this idea his hobby. Even Lord Lansdowne's perfectly tempered and exactly weighed speech left no sense of a case for reform on merits. Lord Crewe was really very good. Lord Courtney and other supra-party talkers making him feel as if he were listening to a fine organ—and then the grey streets outside—was delightful. And the general silence—he did not think he had ever seen so many gentlemen, even in a place of worship, sitting in one place so silent—when Lord Curzon wished a Liberal Government could reflect its predominance on their Lordships' House, that was banter that could be felt.

"I do not know whether your lordships have noticed on what day it is we meet. It is the day of the Ides of March." Thus the Primate in a fateful speech, touched throughout with a deep sense of the dignity of precedent and the *mos pro lege*. Lord Newton brought a less solemn tone into the debate; but his speech was not therefore light. There was no mistaking the mordant irony of his "hitherto their lordships had not been called upon to sacrifice much beyond their convictions". He denounced the Liberal conspiracy which would turn the House into a "hybrid between a registry office and a debating society". To avoid that fate the Peers must deal with themselves. They were too numerous and too one-sided. Lord Newton preferred qualification to election as the principle of reform; but he was not above bringing in the elective element to square the democracy.

Lord Willoughby de Broke was finely unrepentant. His was the swan-song of a backwoodsman. Being a fox-breeder, he believed in heredity; and he thought that Lord Newton had "an unforgiving eye and a damned disinheriting tongue". As for the proposed Radical legislation, a House of Lords without a "veto" was like a grin without a cat. Lord Willoughby is clearly resolved to sink or swim with the House of Lords as it

is, and does not ask a better. We like this sort of man. If reform is going to turn away many men like Lord Willoughby, the new House of Lords will be in the sad case of the house swept and garnished.

Bagehot is not the only great Liberal whom the Liberals to-day might study to advantage. We advise them not to overlook Brougham. "I am always ready", he said on one occasion, "to bear testimony to the value of this House, which I consider to be an integral and necessary part of the Constitution." He went on to say that without the aid of the Peers the Commons would be "covered with blunders and absurdities". Yet Brougham was a "Parliament-man" like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Asquith.

"I speak", declared Brougham, "with all respect to the House of Commons, which I regard with a feeling of veneration. It is not the fault of the House of Commons that they commit errors, for they must almost of necessity do so. With the competition that prevails among 658 individuals, who are continually striving one with another to gratify their constituents, it is impossible that the details of measures can receive the same calm and deliberate attention which they obtain in your lordships' house, where no distractions arising from such extraneous circumstances exist." We quote from "Opinions of Lord Brougham", printed in 1837 by Colburn—whose name, by the way, is on many a valued title-page. Brougham voted for the first Reform Bill and spoke strongly for it and criticised "the irresponsibility" of the hereditary principle; even so, he candidly said, "You are useful and necessary". Now that House of Lords reform is to the fore, Liberals as well as Conservatives who wish to understand the question and its history really should give a few hours to Burke, Bagehot, and Brougham even.

Nothing grows on a man more than boasting, as Durdles warned Mr. Sapsea in that wonderful book "Hard Times". There are too many boasters in the press just now. Both sides have their share. The Liberals are welcome to them, but one wishes some of the shouters in the Unionist press would not shout quite so loud that the Government is utterly confounded, crestfallen, humiliated, and so on. The Government is in a very bad way, but it wants watching far more than it wants shouting at so pot-valourously just now. We have very good reason for saying that Cabinet Ministers expected, not yesterday or last week, but weeks ago—certainly on 16 February—that they could scarcely hold out till the end of May; and that they laid their schemes accordingly.

The truth is the Government includes several very adroit and clever politicians—others besides the much-talked of Mr. Churchill and Mr. George—who have all through been wide awake to the Irish and Budget danger. Lord Courtney once warned some bumpkins Radicals that the House of Lords held astute, highly expert members who were not likely to miss any move in the game. Our Sapsean supporters in the Unionist party had better remember that Ministers, baffled and whipt though they seem, quite understand not only the openings in political chess, but the cunning art of the "end game". They have carefully looked into all the variations of this particular finance gambit, and they are going to sacrifice the Budget, if needs be, for position.

We note Mr. Redmond has been driven by Mr. O'Brien's faction to join the Sapseas; and at Newcastle he has been threatening mighty things. But there are one or two ruling members of the Cabinet who detest being at the mercy of the Irish, and do not grieve greatly at the prospect of Mr. Redmond mustering courage to throw out the Budget. The idea is to make a most horrid confusion with the finance, and then at the psychologic moment shoot the whole burden on to other shoulders. This is the Budget

gambit, and the wily replies of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George this week all point the same way. There are chess players—we once knew a brilliant professional do it—who, when the game seems a losing one, upset the board.

It is after all the shillelagh, rather than the smart journalism of the editor of "M.A.P." or the parliamentary tactics of Mr. Dillon, that has always made Irish politics stirring. The death of Mr. James O'Connor recalls palmy days of Parnellism. When Parnell was defeated in Committee Room 15 he crossed to Ireland and seized "United Ireland", giving the revolting editor, Mr. Bodkin, the choice of walking out of the office or being put out. Mr. Bodkin chose to go out on his feet. But during the evening the office was retaken by the rebels and Mr. James O'Connor put in charge.

Next morning Parnell came with a strong party armed with crowbars. Led on by the chief, they rained blows against the door, but only smashed Mr. O'Connor's spectacles. Then they poured over the area railings, rushed the kitchen window, and stormed the place as Oliver stormed Basing House, "like a fire-flood". In the heat of the fight Parnell, in error, was said to have struck his follower, Mr. Harrison, a hard blow on the face; but Mr. Harrison denies this. However, the position was won; Mr. James O'Connor was driven off and "United Ireland" was sound Parnellite again. It may not have been journalism, but it was war. What a contrast between smug British newspaper ways and the Irish way! In the days of Parnell the crowbar could be mightier than the pen.

The grosser the want of argument the grosser the personality as a rule. Cannot Mr. McKenna bear this in mind and shun these incessant personal passages with his critics in Parliament? This week he has been half out two or three times. First he is for fighting the sailor and then for fighting the lawyer; and the absurd thing is the duels, like some which Mark Twain wrote of, come to nought. Honour is never satisfied. "I maintain", says Lord Charles Beresford—"I deny", says Mr. McKenna—"I maintain", retorts Lord Charles. Then comes Mr. McKenna's turn with the lawyer. The question is the case of Mr. Mulliner and the Admiralty. "If you will give me your word you believe in your case", says Mr. McKenna, "I will reply to your charges. If not, I will take no notice of them." Mr. Duke declines this really absurd demand, so the second affair of honour comes to nought. Suppose every politician were compelled at the outset to swear he believed in his case! One might as well make every politician swear he believes in his leaders.

Canada is standing to her guns over the Payne Tariff, and will make no concession in order to escape the maximum impost on her exports to the United States. The Americans could not have attempted to coerce the Dominion Government at a more inopportune time for themselves. Canada has just come triumphant through her tariff war with Germany. She knows that the Americans can only hit her by penalising themselves. That there is any discrimination in her tariff against America she denies. In any case, she is not prepared to admit the American right to participate in her special arrangements with other Powers or within the Empire. The claim of America to the terms given to Great Britain is certainly cool, and the new tariff war, if it comes, will be watched the more anxiously because it may involve the whole question of Imperial Preference. Canada's pluck is splendid, and the pity is that she is left to fight these battles unaided.

To give a keener edge to the folly of our present attitude Mr. Mackenzie has just arrived in London with splendid tales of Canada's future. The Canadians count their immigrants by hundred thousands, and their wheat crop within five years in hundred millions. If Canada can do these things by herself, what would she

not do as an economic part of the Empire? A preferential arrangement with Great Britain on reciprocal lines will open to each country exactly the kind of market it requires. But the British trader must "go right after" the business, as the American and German understand the phrase. These are absurdly simple truths. Yet Mr. Mackenzie is right in realising the need to rub them well in.

Sir George Reid has taken up his duties as Australian High Commissioner in a spirit which, as he suggested at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday, leaves room for the freest development of propaganda. That is to say he is prepared to come down on either side of the hedge according to the circumstances in which he may find himself—whether on imperial or Australian questions. We know that he does not believe in preference, unless, that is, he has abandoned yet another old prejudice. Long ago he committed himself to the view that any preference given to the colonies would be to the advantage of the rich and the loss of the poor in Great Britain. But he now frankly confesses that as Australia has given preference to Great Britain, so Australia would welcome reciprocity. That is no mean admission. Sir George must beware of being too Australian. He talks of the island continent being larger than Canada outside the Arctic zone. But what of Australia's own northern territory? It is at least as sharp a limitation as Canada's.

In Karl Lueger Austria-Hungary has lost her most notable public man. His career would seem to be a bundle of contradictions. A democrat, if not a demagogue, he was the staunch supporter of the Monarchy; an intense believer in his Empire, he devoted the best years of his life to local administration; a champion of Hungarian rights, he was the sworn foe of the Magyar party; the leader of an Anti-Semitic group, he was one of the best beloved among the Jews; a Socialist, he was the friend and patron of the small employer. Nevertheless Lueger was always logical and consistent. His one aim in life was to restore Austria to her due position among the Great Powers after the humiliations of 1866. He set to work in the right way by striving for internal stability.

The firmest element in the State he discerned to be the small employer, a class far larger in Austria than in England. This class he saved both from ruin at the hands of the Jewish money-lenders, who flocked to Vienna in the boom years of the early 'seventies, and from absorption in great industrial combinations. Then he set himself to give his State cohesion. Its only possible centre was the Monarchy, round which German, Magyar and Slav could all rally. Moreover, the Empire must have some visible centre, and that centre could only be Vienna. In his direction of municipal affairs Dr. Lueger did much to make Vienna a fine modern city, representative of the whole Empire; but he was always at special pains to prove to his German fellow-citizens that it was not to Berlin that they need look for efficient methods. Dr. Lueger sometimes went rather too fast for his aged Sovereign, but his work was fully appreciated by the Heir Apparent, to whom his death must seem an irreparable loss.

In Germany the Government has decided to hush up the franchise question with all possible speed. It has surrendered to the Conservative-Centre "bloc" and now aims at passing the amended Bill into law without delay and thus depriving the troublesome Social Democrats of their excuse for political demonstrations. By way of restoring his damaged credit, the Chancellor has announced the preparation of a Bill conferring further rights of self-government upon Alsace-Lorraine. In the eight years following the annexation the severities of military rule were gradually mitigated, but in 1879 the growth of the Socialist party made Bismarck abjure his coquettings with constitutionalism and nothing has been done since. The Reichstag passed a

resolution advocating the grant of manhood suffrage to the Reichsland, which may be set beside its resolution in favour of a Chancellor responsible to itself and not to the Emperor. Brave words!

A full-dress debate marked the presentation of the Foreign Office Estimates. In a firm and reasonable speech Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollwegg refused to nullify Germany's pledges in order to support the Mannesmanns. His attitude will meet with general approval in Germany as well as abroad. There is, however, a small party in Germany which demands a policy of continuous sabre-rattling. Its members argue that Germany is a newcomer into the ranks of the Great Powers, and will be elbowed out unless she constantly asserts herself. There is nothing unnatural in this youthful exuberance, but Europe has realised Germany's existence by this time and will appreciate quiet dignity more than noisy push.

M. Duez carries it off jauntily. He is even ready with uninvited confessions of forgery and breach of trust which may yet bring him to the assize court. The wonder still is how a man so shallow could ever have been placed in a position of responsibility. M. Jaurès, in the Chamber, recalled the dictum of Balzac. This is an age when everything is made public, yet society is moved by occult forces. By what mysterious dispensation are men like M. Duez and M. Lecoutourier flung suddenly into prominence and power? For all their prominence and power these men have technically no official position at all. For an offence which—to give it an old style—is near to high treason, the highest penalty is a month or so of imprisonment.

Even French politics would have been more farcical than usual had a secularist Chamber dismissed from office a secularist Government because the profits of secularism had gone astray. M. Briand can look after himself, and was wise to hold his hand till the net was well spread. Worst of all was the move of the "Aurore". This paper has put it abroad that in 1905 M. Duez had an interview with the Pope, in the course of which the liquidations were discussed. The inference is that the Church has been guilty of collusion. We have here a direct invitation to M. Duez to become the Titus Oates of the century.

The "Westminster Gazette" lectures us, we will not say sententiously, but gravely, for saying the Progressives, in present circumstances, would have collared the vacant L.C.C. aldermanies. "Even a party gibe should have some basis in fact if it is to be effective." Well, we have this basis in fact. In 1889 the Progressives gave to themselves every single alderman, when they had no excuse, for they had majority enough to carry on easily without the aldermen. In 1895, when elected parties tied, they divided the aldermanic vacancies fairly, but they already had continuing aldermen enough to give them a working majority in the Council without taking more than half the new aldermen. The point is that the Progressives have never hesitated to secure to themselves a majority when they could. It is more than a fair inference that had they been in the Municipal Reformers' place to-day, they would have been true to their past and secured themselves in a majority by doing what the Municipal Reformers have done, take the aldermen for themselves. All the same, we are sorry the Municipal Reformers have not had the strength to resist the temptation.

Making Mr. Harold Cox an alderman was a good stroke of humour, if a trifle cynical. This is a concession to the Progressives of an independent who may be trusted to resist Progressive ideas more sternly than most Municipal Reformers. We enjoy the humour of the situation, but we do not like its fact. It labels the Municipal Reformers sheer individualists; and individualism in these matters the London people will not have: very rightly. Municipal Reformers apparently

think they may as well gather rosebuds while they may. Certainly three years soon fly.

On Wednesday the Prince of Wales let through into Lake Vyrnwy the last of the water sources that go to supply Liverpool. Birmingham has long been supplied from Wales; Glasgow, also, has had to tap the moorland. London should be thankful for the good water that lies to her door. The Thames water is plentiful; and, so far, has not been proved less pure than the water that comes from Wales. The Welsh water when first it came to Birmingham was, we remember, loudly accused of having an ill effect upon the citizen's kettle. This might have been natural prejudice in a Unionist stronghold against anything that harked from Wales. But we have seen preserved in Unionist households specimens of kettles with large holes in them emphatically laid to the account of the Welsh water. However, London will not have to go so far afield for many years.

Mr. Churchill has diplomatically yielded to the women suffragists on the question of prison treatment. Memories of the last elections, and forebodings of those ahead, explain his surrender. Mr. Churchill skilfully disguises his real intention by tacking the suffragist case on to that of other prisoners who are less morally guilty than the ordinary prisoner; but the object is plain. Under cover of a general rule the suffragists get the special treatment they have been so long demanding. Other prisoners of the morally innocent class would have had to wait long enough for Mr. Churchill's favour if he had not cunningly seen a political use for them. He has made them the "bonnet" of the suffragettes.

There is little to be said about the people at the Manchester Exchange who hustled Mr. Patten, save that they were louts. Mr. Patten has clear cause to protest against his treatment by Englishmen of sorts, and therefore he is quite likely to say nothing much about it. Mr. Travis, on the other hand, has no cause to complain of his treatment when he won the golf championship here six years ago; so he is full of complaint. The English golfers are not sportsmen, the English golfers did not give him a locker at Sandwich, and so on. The whole is a trumpery story. Why, people have been waiting years for "a locker at Sandwich" and have not one yet! But we fancy Mr. Travis has been pretty well "measured up" by his own countrymen. Mr. Travis insists he was almost cut by the English golfers. Odd that whilst Mr. Patten was too much in request, Mr. Travis was not in request at all!

We thought the custom of judges making their exit from the bench by a public leave-taking of the Bar had died out. Sir John Bigham was the least likely of judges to revive it; he so cool, undemonstrative and un sentimental. And there was unexpected pathos in his "I am tired and want a rest", and a man does after thirteen years as junior, as many as leader, and as many again on the bench. He will now take a rest in the House of Lords, and it will be found he is not too tired to do good judicial work yet. There were many interesting reminiscences in his address. The Lord Watson story is no longer a myth. It was Sir John Bigham himself who complained to Lord Watson that he interrupted counsel too much; and the reply actually was: "Eh! man, you should never complain of that, for I never interrupt a fool". The story excuses the lacrimose ceremony.

The list of the musical pieces already sung, or to be sung, in Westminster Cathedral at the Lenten services is enough to make one gasp with wonder and admiration. No other church in England—possibly not in Europe—offers such a feast for both the devout and the mere secular lover of divine music. Palestrina, Vittoria, and the rest, on whom Mr. R. R. Terry has drawn so extensively, composed music which is at once profoundly religious and supremely beautiful.

"DOWN WITH OURSELVES."

"FLING wide the gate to that which else will enter in at the breach." This favourite saying of Macaulay might have been the text for Lord Rosebery's oration on Monday. And it does not become a Whig so very ill. It is a kind of opportunism the Whig heart has ever opened to, and some of our modern Conservatives love it hardly less. Do not consider whether the thing is good or bad; let no thought of honour cross your mind; think only whether you are going to win or lose; and as soon as may be put yourself on the winning side. What a fine history would a nation have that uniformly had acted on this policy—what stirring annals, what noble examples! Prosperity and peace it might have; but it would not have a history, for as soon as it became worth collaring it would go to some other nation that did not act on the policy of flinging wide the gate to that which else would enter at the breach. And yet this is the whole argument of Unionists for reforming the House of Lords. The case of the Radicals and Socialists is different. They object to lords as lords, and they object to the House of Lords because it holds up measures they want to carry. This is pure partisanship, of course, but it is not opportunism and may be quite honest. But the Unionist reformer never gives, or even attempts to give, any reason for his reforming zeal. Lord Rosebery warned the Lords against repeating the mistake of the French aristocracy, which on 4 August 1789 surrendered its privileges to "successive waves of enthusiasm". A truer but too uncourtly description for Lord Rosebery would have been "abandoned their rights in a fit of funk". They were fugitives throwing away impedimenta, partly to appease and delay their pursuers, partly to disencumber themselves for flight. Could not Lord Rosebery see that at bottom this is just what he is counselling the Unionist peers to do? We know all about Lord Rosebery's own propaganda, which never struck root, not even a radicle, and Lord Newton's committee, and so forth. But, as Lord Curzon himself insisted, House of Lords reform was never really in the air; there was certainly no Unionist cry for it until now. And now why do Unionists cry for it? From one motive only: which is sometimes called getting more into touch with the people; sometimes making the Upper House stronger; sometimes broadening its basis; shortly, it all comes to making the Upper House more popular. And has this longing to popularise the Upper House nothing to do with elections; nothing to do with Socialist and Radical threats? Really, it would be much wiser to say frankly that it had everything to do with them; for, whatever Unionists say or leave unsaid, nobody that is not a fool will ever believe anything else. Unionist reformers of the Lords are opening the gate to the removal of the hereditary factor solely because they fear it will otherwise come in at the breach. As an electioneering move they may or may not be right. We doubt if they are; for concessions to fear do not appease an enemy, nor buy him off asking for more. At any rate we trust no Unionist candidate will flourish fine words on the platform about doing this on principle or on merits; that would be rather too thin for any audience. Let us say plainly that we support this change because we believe the people are asking for it. That will show a grand deference to popular opinion and will have the advantage of being true.

Whether the public does in fact want the abolition of the hereditary legislator we are very doubtful. Lord Curzon gave facts of the last election which point quite the other way, and it is rather curious that the lesson he learns from the evidence proffered by him that the public likes an hereditary peer is that the hereditary peer must make himself scarce, or at any rate scarcer, in the Upper House. Of course, we all know the cheap commonplaces about a man having the right to legislate because he is his father's son; also in certain places, especially in the West Riding of Yorkshire and amongst the indigent casual population of parts of London, there is a bitter animus against an upper class as such. These people instinctively would pull down any more

fortunate than themselves; the London man out of the desperation of biting poverty, the Tyke out of self-conceit. Whether the animus will be softened by lords ceasing to legislate as lords, we do not know. We doubt it; for lords will still be men of property or reputed property. But there is quite a different sort whose puzzleheads, without any bitterness, think there must be something wrong in a man being a legislator by the accident of birth. These are the folk Lord Rosebery referred to as not persuaded though the House of Lords were an assembly of Newtons and Shakespeares. Who knows that Shakespeare would have a Shakespeare for a son? But if there is no guarantee that the clever man will have a clever son, there is equally no guarantee that the fool's son will be a fool, which is answer enough. The hereditary plan leaves chances level; with the difference that the hereditary legislator grows up in an hereditary environment of responsibility and training. You must choose your legislator on some basis; what is better than heredity? Merit. That can only be done by a trial of strength, which is inconvenient and dangerous. The franchise does not rest on merit nor pretend to, nor does eligibility for the House of Commons. Even the strongest anti-democrat would hardly propose so restricted a franchise as that. Put it any way you like, the chances of getting good men under an hereditary plan are at least as good as, and a little better than, under any other system workable in an imperfect world. And the facts of history bear this out. Lord Rosebery did not deny it, and Lord Curzon and all the Unionists are never tired of showing how well the present House of Lords works. Therefore it must be destroyed; that is to say, it must be reformed.

The strange thing is none of the reforms we are all so enthusiastic for touches the real difficulty, the disparity of parties in the Upper House. No doubt the Government plan of paralysing the Lords would get rid of the difficulty, from the Radical point of view, by getting rid of an Upper House altogether; but it is not reform, and would do nothing to equalise parties. Nor would the reduction of the members of the House of Lords, which is desirable, nor selection on the Scotch or Irish plan touch the difficulty except to intensify it. Nor would the creation of life or nominated peers by the Government of the day. Even if you wind up the present House of Lords and begin again, there will soon be a Conservative majority. But no Unionist reformer is likely to do so much and no Radical reformer so little. What is wanted surely is not what Lord Curzon desired, a Liberal majority in the Lords when there is a Liberal majority in the Commons, but the other way: a Liberal majority above when there is a Conservative majority below and a Conservative majority above when there is a Liberal majority below. Then you would have effective revision always, if not much "progress" and equally not "reaction". Lord Curzon's way you would simply stereotype the weak point of the House under a Conservative Government, when we certainly do approach too near to a single-chamber system in effect. But it is no remedy to bring about the same result under a Liberal Government.

Lord Rosebery's idea of an infusion of indirectly-elected peers seems to us to have every fault which a suggestion for constructive reform could have. It does not touch the difficulty of the Conservative preponderance. These county council and borough council peers would be elected on purely party grounds, and nothing else. The indirectness of their election would not give it an iota of independence of party: it would only abate from the avowed desideratum of touch with the people. A certain number of Liberal "peers" would be added, and about the same number of Conservatives; and the Upper House would enjoy the novelty and inestimable blessing of an Irish Nationalist party. Apparently any commoner may be an elected "peer". The Lords would probably see some funny specimens from Wales and Scotland. But what do Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon really expect from this idea? Do they think a few or many indirectly elected members will appease the enemies of heredity? They are not simple enough for that. Those who hate a lord because he is a lord will

hate the remaining hereditary members as they did before; those who love a lord because he is a lord will respect the House less for having members that are not lords. The neutral who cannot see that a man should legislate because he is his father's son will take the invention of elected members as an admission of his point, and will want to know why, if wrong, you keep any hereditary members at all. Does Lord Curzon realise to what he would be flinging wide the gate? Every elected member of the Upper House will be an incentive to the thick-and-thin opponents of heredity to ask for more. Every Government will be faced with this popular demand, urged by the few who, as Lord Rosebery reminded us, work all revolutions, and we can hardly conceive the Ministry that would have the courage to say no. The case for resistance will have been given away already. The elective and hereditary elements will not mix.

If the hereditary legislator does go, he will go, like many other good things before him, by the cowardice of Conservatives. We must look ahead. If this revolution is to come, we will meet it by another: we will attack the supremacy of Parliament and have a written Constitution and a referendum. A few determined men could bring this about in no remote time. If the House of Lords is to be disestablished, the House of Commons shall not be supreme.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

IT is unfortunately true in Parliament, as with the press, that concentrated attention on any vital question of imperial defence is almost impossible owing to the variety of political problems which have to be discussed nearly at the same time. An active conflict between the two Houses is of far more immediate interest to both those Houses than what ships we must lay down this year in order successfully to be able to defend the Empire and our trade three years hence. Not only are a lengthy statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty and voluminous Estimates thrown at our heads one week to be criticised in the next morning's papers and in the House of Commons four days later, but the very week in which they are engaging the attention of the Commons the constitutional issue is being raised in the Lords. It is natural, though regrettable, that politicians and journalists should therefore endeavour to settle the matter by drawing attention to a large rise in expenditure and to the probable number of the latest large armoured ships Great Britain and Germany will have in the spring of 1913. They take the net Estimates and find them to be the greatest on record, and infer—without regard to the arrears which have to be made up or to comparative foreign increases—that they must be considered satisfactory in these days of Radical-Socialist government. In any circumstances a full House is not favourable to analysis on the one hand or to following on the other hand Dr. Johnson's advice that parts are not to be considered until the whole has been surveyed. Mr. Asquith, in his election promises of 1906, wanted to refer the whole of the Estimates to a small committee, which excellent proposal he is not showing the slightest inclination to carry out, and well we know the reason to be that committees upstairs are not only far more independent but are far more searching in their discussions. Even the premise about the record Estimates which has been so unanimously conceded is wrong, though we acknowledge that the matter is of minor importance. It is true that the net expenditure of 1904-1905 was £36,860,000 and these net Estimates for 1910-1911 are £40,684,000; but the real expenditure should exclude the annuity in repayment of former loans and should include the actual expenditure of the year under loans. This is a point on which we are in complete agreement with the practice always adopted by Lord Locher when at the Admiralty. Making these corrections, we find that we spent in 1904-1905 £39,628,000, and the proposed outlay for 1910-1911 is £39,281,000. The Opposition should continue to devote their attention to insisting on an increase of the utterly trivial provision which has been made for

the commencement of the five large armoured ships and five cruisers, seeing that it will be impossible to lay down these vessels until 1911 unless the small sums mentioned in the Estimates are increased. We ought also to know at once whether all the five armoured ships are to be battleships or Invincibles. The confusion promoted by Mr. McKenna's lumping these two very different classes together has become a danger to the country. It has been pointed out on several occasions that it will be impossible in a few years to put Invincibles with only six-inch armour into the line of battle with Dreadnought-era ships having eleven- or twelve-inch armour. Parliament again agrees far too readily that it has no concern with the size and armament of the ships. Obviously if we are content with ships having inferior armaments to those of Germany and America, we must compensate for this inferiority by an increase in numbers. No one who advocates moderate dimensions has ever argued in the contrary sense. As for the cruisers, destroyers, resources, stores, and even the personnel we cordially support Lord Charles Beresford in his efforts to rescue them from treatment as side issues in discussions of our naval strength. His statements on the serious representations made in writing by the then Director of Naval Intelligence and by the then Commander-in-Chief of the Cape Station as to the dangerous inadequacy of our cruiser force for defending commerce are perfectly true, in spite of Mr. McKenna's denials. The conditions have completely altered since 1904, when the Admiralty tendered their evidence as to the defence of commerce before Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Commission. The Board found it necessary to scrap a large number of cruisers, but they failed to replace them, and we are face to face with the fact that Germany has made provision for arming a large number of her merchant vessels which already carry men belonging to the naval reserves.

Turning to the Estimates once again, the dominant consideration for us is that the Board of Admiralty in July 1905 placed on record the deliberate opinion that we were up to the two-Power standard but not above it, and that if a third Power chose to intervene we might be placed in a position of inferiority. Let us remember that it was such an unlikely combination as Germany, France and Russia which coerced Japan in 1895 out of the fruits of her war with China. Clearly, then, if it can be shown that the next two naval Powers have made increases since 1905 which have not been met by corresponding increases in this country, then the Government stand condemned irrespective of the fact, if fact it be, that the Estimates of 1910-1911 are record Estimates. Up to the time the Board of Admiralty had compiled their momentous State Paper dealing with the strength of this country and that of our chief rivals, Germany and the United States for four years had spent on new construction and armaments the aggregate sum of £47,629,000, as compared with £46,734,000 for this country under the Unionist Government. We were therefore running neck and neck. Then came the disarmament policy of the Radicals which proved such a wonderful incentive to our rivals to redouble their efforts. In their first four years the Radicals spent on new construction and armaments £38,420,000 as compared with £63,944,000 spent by the United States and Germany. Such a change amounts to a betrayal of trust justifying the impeachment of the Government. It means that immense arrears of expenditure have to be overtaken to which the increase in the Estimates which has actually taken place is trifling in comparison. Such increases as are necessary cannot be met by revenue. They must therefore be met as in Germany, by recourse to loans. Germany is preparing for war in the period 1914-1917 when all her commitments in naval expenditure will have matured. Of course, it is obvious that with military direction of her policy a war with England is not the sole objective of Germany. The aggrandisement of Germany is the sole objective. When, however, we come to ask at whose expense this expansion is to be effected, we must remember that all great military leaders have had a double objective in policy as well as war. The army of invasion of Napoleon, turned aside from its objective

oversea by Calder's victory, carried through with brilliant success a second objective overland. By a resolute naval policy, cost what it may, we can force on Germany the necessity of turning aside from all idea of overriding British interests to the other objective. It is the Monroe doctrine which blocks the way in the other direction. It is, we trust, no part of future British policy to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for America. If Germany chooses to colonise in Brazil, let America try and prevent her. It is above all things desirable that Germany should thoroughly understand our position. Prince Henry of Prussia is perfectly correct in stating that nobody in England desires to attack Germany. The whole prestige, credit, and social welfare of the British Empire are, however, based on the security afforded by our Navy. There are, therefore, but two alternatives. The first is to face the expense of peace in order to insure security in the danger period after 1913, or, again, when the Japanese Alliance comes to an end in 1915. Failing this, we shall as inevitably be driven to attack Germany as Japan was driven to attack Russia before the colossal plans which threatened the independence of the island Power could be matured. On the other hand, let Germany frankly understand that while the two-Power standard is British policy, the Monroe doctrine is purely the concern of the United States of America. We recognise clearly enough that the huge borrowing operations of Germany mean war somewhere. How absurd it is to imagine otherwise! Germany commenced her borrowing in 1898 under the excellent guidance of the financiers who have been discussing plans with the German Emperor in the recent historic yachting trip. But in 1913, when Germany will have obtained all the ships and guns for which she is this year disbursing £12,177,000, the ships she began under the Navy Bill of 1898 will be seventy to eighty per cent. depreciated in value, or even more, tottering to the shipbreaker and his dustheap. In the work of renewing the Navy by continuous replacement, it is folly to suppose that borrowing can go on indefinitely. It is the part of British statesmanship to prove to Germany by vigorous action that the objective which conflicts with British interests is not a paying proposition, but as regards any other objective we shall, of course, maintain our rights as a neutral.

THE IMPERIAL PREFERENCE CRISIS.

THE United States Commissioners have brought nothing back from Ottawa. Canada will make no concessions in return for the minimum rates of the Payne Tariff. That the Commissioners should have gone at all is a triumph for Canada. Time was when the pilgrimage was the other way, and it was Ottawa that begged at Washington. Now, thanks to her tariff, that time is past. Canada has pulled through, and it is the turn of Washington to beg.

What is the position now? The United States have laid it down that they will enforce the maximum rates of the Payne Tariff on all countries found to be discriminating against them. Looking into their dealings with Canada they now discover that Canada falls under this head. Canada has made a commercial treaty with France. That in itself cannot be made cause of offence at Washington. But Canada is part of the British Empire, and, as such, comes within the action of imperial treaties. This means that the favoured treatment just extended by Canada to France is shared by nations, like Spain and Austria, which are by treaty with Great Britain entitled to favoured-nation advantages. Here, in brief, we have the case put up by the United States: Canada discriminates against them through this French treaty that includes other Powers. It is not a very strong case; but we are not concerned to deal in detail with it here on its technical side. The point is that the United States have put themselves into a position from which it will be difficult to climb down. They may be compelled, however unwillingly, to use the maximum rate against Canada if Canada refuses to give way. Already the American Commis-

sioners have been to Ottawa, and have got their answer. This is, in effect: We are your friends and we are delighted to see you; but we will hear no word of concessions. All praise to Canada for that. If President Taft's counter to it be the maximum rate, Canada will reply further with a surtax on American imports; and there will be a rate war. Unfortunately this can only end in one way—in a reciprocal commercial treaty between the parties.

A prolonged rate war is too serious a thing to contemplate. Young Canada is, it is true, full of fight; and there is much wild and confident talk. It is pointed out that the United States export to Canada more than Canada exports to them. Moreover, the United States cannot do without Canadian pulp and lumber. The Americans have "slaughtered" their lumber resources, and Michigan is a wilderness of stumps. But much of this talk is from the question. There cannot be a long rate war. The interests involved are too great, and the results would reach too far. There is only one possible end. Canada must and will stand up well to the Americans. Her history is good guarantee that she will do so, and her strong commercial position in relation to her opponent makes it plain that she will be comparatively successful. Canada will make no concessions without good return; and, once war is declared, she will not be the first to call for peace. There will be no pilgrimage to Washington. The United States will have to withdraw from their present position, for they will get nothing whatever out of Canada so long as they insist upon the maximum rates of the Payne Tariff. Many Americans are already well able to see this; and, once the intransigent position is yielded, there will be room for arrangement on both sides. It will come to negotiation. The net result of it all will be some sort of treaty between the United States and Canada.

It is at once clear what such a treaty must mean for the Empire. Again we are forced to be idle, witnessing that procession of events which is yearly making the imperial idea more difficult to realise. This will be the hardest blow that has yet been. The treaty between Canada and the United States—a matter of months—will further diminish the value of the Canadian preference we already have. It is possible that Canada may make an arrangement by which American goods will be rated on the intermediate scale in return for reciprocal concessions similar to those just obtained by France; and this would neutralise all the advantage we possess. Already, within the last few weeks, we have lost to Germany much of the advantage we enjoyed while the surtax was being levied upon German goods. We had there an excellent lesson in the value of a tariff as a means of bargaining. Now we are up against something which will hit us more directly. We are probably to see Canada compelled to accept closer commercial relations with a stranger to the detriment of our own. The position is the more exasperating as the fight put up by Canada has all through been plucky and loyal. Great Britain left her to fight alone in '46; and she has hitherto resisted the forces that were impelling her trade South instead of East. She has come well through the struggle, and now it rests with Great Britain to say how this increasing volume of trade shall run—whether it shall flow North and South, between the United States and Canada, or West and East, between Canada and Great Britain. Is the old bitter cry of "annexation" days to be found true after all, and is American trade bound in the end to follow the meridians of longitude?

All that events can do they are doing to prove to the people of Great Britain that, if they do not act quickly, it may soon be too late to act effectually. As Mr. Mackenzie has just said, "Preference is not so essential to the colonies as it is to the Empire as a whole". Preference, that is to say, is not for the colonies a matter of life and death. Canada has made her own terms with Germany and with France. She is about to make her own terms with the United States. Australia, by revoking her preference to us, could buy terms for herself in almost any foreign market. If we continue to do nothing, the colonies will be compelled to fend for them-

selves. Our inertia will not ruin them. But it will ruin the Empire. Every new arrangement entered into between one of our colonies and a foreign Power is a fresh obstacle in the way of a scheme of imperial preference. Every time we refuse to assist one of our colonies in adjusting her relations with a foreign Power we are losing a chance to draw tight the economic and imperial bond. To our inertia is due the present position between the United States and Canada. The responsibility for the reciprocity treaty that may come as a logical result of that position lies with us. Moreover, when America has got in, Germany will not stay outside. Canada and Germany have no reciprocal arrangement as yet. The surtax has been removed—that is all. But Germany will follow the United States, and then another blow will be struck at the Empire. These events speak so loudly for themselves that to be converted it seems only necessary to hear tell of them. Tariff Reform and imperial preference will come. But will they come too late? An effective scheme of imperial preference has as its premise a clear field in which to work. It must not be deferred till we must tread warily among the cross-relations between our colonies and their foreign partners and till the flow of trade has been turned into anti-imperial channels. The growing complexity of international trade relations is illustrated by the way in which the present position between Canada and the United States has arisen. The United States had actually to inquire seriously into the matter before they could decide whether or not Canada was in their opinion discriminating against them. The web yearly becomes more intricate, and we may, before we know it, have reached the stage when the problem will have grown too big for settlement.

LORD CREWE'S WARNING.

IS Lord Crewe also among the prophets of Imperialism? Imperial concentration has long been a Unionist battle-cry, but at the banquet to Sir George Reid it was taken up by the Colonial Secretary. "It is true", said Burke in a famous passage, "that empires have fallen and in the opinion of some, not in mine, by their own weight. Sometimes they have been unquestionably embarrassed in their movements by the dissociated situation of their dominions." The same reflections must have occurred in recent years to thinkers of all parties who desire to see the strengthening of the imperial tie.

We have never varied in advocating Imperial Preference as the surest and swiftest means of organically consolidating the different portions of the British dominions. But, though separate tariff systems may have been for years the gravest factor of dissociation in the Empire, they are by no means the only one, and we would gladly accept the help of any party in curing any malady from which our body politic is suffering. It may be true generally that "vis consili expers mole ruit sua", but Burke is right: empires do not fall because they are too vast, but because they are unconsolidated. The most startling phenomenon in the British system of recent years has been the growing tendency of the various parts to act for themselves in imperial concerns, and especially in negotiations with foreign countries. Lord Crewe pointed out with right instinct a danger to which many ardent Imperialists in this country are subject. They allow their sympathy with the British dominions beyond the seas to run away with them till they gravely under-estimate the claims of this country and the due obligations of the imperial bond. Thus we have some Tariff Reformers saying that the loyalty of the colonies will be shaken if we do not at once adopt a preferential system. This view was indignantly and rightly resented by Sir George Reid. Lord Crewe laid his finger on another theory, equally dangerous. This is that the colonies will resent any attempt to interfere with their own problems: therefore let them settle them for themselves, even when they are of an imperial nature. This overdone sympathy is in truth very dangerous, and the Colonial Secretary clearly had in his mind the instances

we have had of late years where negotiations between our own dominions and foreign countries have been carried on without reference to the Colonial Office. This under our present system is unavoidable so far as tariffs are concerned, but it is due to the absurd way in which self-government in our colonies was started.

Lord Beaconsfield was one of the first British statesmen to recognise that this haphazard fashion of legislating for the Empire was founded on the view that self-governing colonies were bound sooner or later to drop away. This, indeed, was the spirit which inspired the Early and Mid Victorian Whigs. Therefore the Empire was legislated for by them as if it were to be animated in the future by centrifugal rather than centripetal forces. It may be true that Lord Beaconsfield himself was at one period of his life affected by these views, but in his later years he saw clearly enough the dangers which were then becoming apparent and have since so gravely developed. He asserted in 1872 that the attempt to disintegrate the Empire had failed through the determination of the colonies themselves not to be separated, and indicated three great questions upon which those who framed colonial Constitutions had gone hopelessly wrong. These Constitutions ought, he said, "to have been accompanied by an imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves". It must always be matter for regret that a statesman with views so prescient that he indicated in 1872 two problems of the imperial connexion which we are still trying to solve to-day did not take them in hand when he came into power shortly afterwards. It would not have been too late then to deal with the third—the matter of unoccupied land in the colonies. The other two—the institution of an imperial tariff and land and sea forces—could much more readily have been put in the way of settlement thirty years ago than now. Why the Conservative leader when he had a large majority deliberately turned aside from his great imperial task one cannot understand; however, there can be no doubt that it has become now doubly difficult. As Lord Crewe sees, it has to be faced if the Empire is to continue as a coherent whole; if we fail we must become in the end nothing more than a loose congeries of atoms, equally impotent for attack and defence.

The question of the reservation of land for imperial uses can no longer be considered. It has unfortunately passed altogether beyond our control, but the lack of scientific supervision by Government of our imperial system is characteristic of our methods. It is the same evil influence which led us to neglect our railways and all means of communication in early days till they got altogether out of hand. Proper control of all such matters has helped in no small measure to the development of trade and the imperial tie in Germany. The idea of an empire which allowed its component parts to draw up their own tariffs independently of the rest or to negotiate privately with foreign States on any matter would be as inconceivable to a German as it would have been to a Roman. The worst possibility ahead of the Empire is that such privileges once conceded will be difficult and, it may be, almost impossible to retract. They can only be curtailed by establishing much closer and more sympathetic contact between our Foreign Office and the directing statesmen of our self-governing dependencies. We want much more sympathy than existed, for instance, between Canada and our Foreign Office as to the Alaska boundary.

There is also another danger which the Colonial Secretary must have had in mind, unconnected with foreign nations altogether—the tendency of the component parts of the Empire to deal with their own difficulties in their own way without any consideration how their action may affect other parts of his Majesty's dominions. This danger has been abundantly evident in the action of South African Governments with regard to natives of India. The lack

of consideration made clear by these proceedings both for the difficulties of the Central Government and the feelings of Indian fellow-subjects is of very grave import. It shows an absence of all imperial instinct that might well make a far-seeing administrator despair of the future. A typical difficulty connected both with foreign policy and local administration is to be seen in the Japanese immigration question as it has presented itself in Australia and especially in Canada. Here we had a grave conflict threatened between an ally and our colonies. A more embarrassing situation in imperial politics cannot be imagined. Fortunately the good sense of all parties to the controversy has suspended the danger for the time. We have only the space to indicate a few of the imperial problems which demand settlement. Let us hope that amid our domestic disputes Lord Crewe's timely warning may not be forgotten.

THE HOME RULE PARTIES.

BY AN IRISH HOME RULER.

WHEN Mr. Redmond proclaimed that the House of Lords was the only obstacle, and yet an insuperable object, in the way of Home Rule, clearly the basis of Irish action in Parliament was shifted from the position in which Parnell had fixed it. We may conceive that Parnell might, as a matter of tactics, have provoked an issue between the House of Lords and British Liberalism, but it is certain that he would never have allowed the Irish cause to wait upon any agitation whatsoever, howsoever provoked. This is what Mr. Redmond has done. He says that Ireland must wait. Mr. William O'Brien also believes that Ireland must wait—not indeed for the destruction of the Lords, but for an agreement between Irishmen on the one hand and Great Britain on the other. Parnell's method of settling the Irish difficulty by parliamentary "escalade" was, in Mr. O'Brien's view, a particular one, suitable to his genius and to the circumstances of the time, unsuitable to the genius of his successors or to the altering conditions. Mr. Healy—whom Mr. Parnell described in three words in Committee Room 15—is, in fact, the only Parnellite left, and he strikes one as an obvious survival! He helped Parnell to destroy the nominal Home Rulers who respected British forms and ceremonies and the traditions of British parties, and he wonders whether it was for this that, thirty years later, Mr. Redmond, a man sensitive as was Butt to the glamour of Westminster, should wear the mantle of Leadership. So, following this train of reflection, he reminds his constituents that Mr. Redmond was bred in the House of Commons, a clerk there when first he knew him—he adds in parenthesis, "And a most punctual, courteous, and industrious young gentleman he was, I must say". This sort of fun is damaging enough, but Mr. Healy jests in the wilderness; no one in Ireland wants to return to the 'eighties with him. It is an irony that Mr. Healy, who was Parnell's bitterest adversary during the split, should now be the unheeded apostle of his doctrine.

Parnell must himself have known that the policy of independent opposition which he initiated was but the method of a moment. It tried the temper of the nation too severely, nor had it the merit of being a heroic policy which should do the moral character of a people good (this was O'Leary's plea for Fenianism, in whose chances of success he did not believe). Home Rule must be won by it quickly, or cease to be the sole object of parliamentary action. It is permissible to think that another Parnell, had he come, would have killed Parnellism, buried it, written its epitaph in a day, years ago. Also it is argued in favour of the Irish Liberal party—as Mr. Redmond's party is now named—that its duty is to serve the "cause of democracy", without thought of reward; yes, even the cause of British democracy.

But there are those in Ireland who hate to contemplate the Radical complexion of their representatives, Nationalists who are Conservatives first of all, and, again, those who deny that an end may be attained by

a delighted subservience to the partisan interests of this English party or that, such as Mr. Redmond is eager to show the Liberals in the event of a crusade against the Lords; and both objectors agree that an end, even were it so attained, would be valueless. The agreement between Nationalist opposition parties on this latter point is the most significant circumstance of the Irish situation, especially as it arises on a matter of immediate interest, as well as on principle. Mr. O'Brien calls the Budget one "which would make Home Rule itself a national curse, if founded on Mr. Lloyd George's financial arrangements", and Sinn Fein is with him. Thus the O'Brienites and the Sinn Fein become Unionists for the time being. There are therefore the conditions of an alliance between the two in which Irish Unionists may temporarily engage themselves as the third party. The last grow enthusiastic over Ireland's "financial rights"; they propose to contest a great number of Nationalist seats at the next General Election, but not such as are already held or are being assaulted by Independent Nationalists, and they have been complimented by the Sinn Fein on their patriotic stand against the Budget. All are "out", with the lust of battle in their hearts, for the destruction of the Redmond, Dillon and Devlin coalition. Mr. O'Brien, as is his way, leaves us in no doubt as to his intentions, many of which have the savour of the Sinn Fein. Already, at the time of the last election, there was a party in the Council of Sinn Fein which favoured the support of O'Brienite or independent candidates, as against the abstention of Sinn Feiners from the polls. Mr. O'Brien's belief in the goodwill of Great Britain will not be accepted by the Sinn Feiners, who are organised to think differently. But, like them, he has been long convinced that the work to be done must be done in Ireland, and has had little faith in action on the "floor of the House of Commons"; and personally he would prefer "a long term of imprisonment" to "servitude" on that "most splendid stage of public service"—this, by the way, is the sort of thing which will make it hard for Mr. O'Brien to be taken seriously, even in the Irish political world. His conversion to methods of moderation is of later origin, and dates from the Land Conference six or seven years ago, of which he was a member. He honourably stood by its terms, and believed that other Irish questions, including that of self-government, might be settled in a like manner. Twice since, however, he has had to retire, confessing himself beaten by the dominant section of the Irish party, led by Mr. Dillon, which disliked both the effects of the Land Conference and its root idea. Motives of friendship alone induced his latest reappearance; he returned from abroad to place himself at the disposition of those of his old supporters in Cork whom the tyrants of the Ancient Order of Hibernians were determining to crush. He does not propose to lead a party. Certainly, as long as the Liberals stay in office, he must watch over Mr. Redmond in Parliament; but, with the advent of a Conservative Government, he will be able to preach the gospel of conciliation, good-will and agreement between Irishmen in Ireland. The point is that no one wants to bid for the stock-in-trade of the Redmondites. If they collapse, Ireland is without a "leader of the race", without an "Army and Navy abroad", backed by a "dangerous organisation at home", without, O! above all, unity; what a horrible prospect! However, in any event, it is likely that a Radicalised party will remain dominant in the Irish representation. But Mr. Redmond and his men will lose their present picturesqueness when the balance of power is gone; less attention will be paid them, and then Mr. O'Brien and others, who have even more excellent things to say and do, will get a hearing.

THE CITY.

THE advance in the Bank rate to 4 per cent. came suddenly, for it was only within a couple of days of the movement that the City had begun to talk of its imminence as a possibility. Unexpected demands upon

the gold reserve hastened the movement, which will not be pleasant for the Government on the eve of the issue of a loan. The Government, however, has shown no consideration for the City in making its financial arrangements, so it is not to be supposed that the Bank of England directors would consult the Chancellor of the Exchequer on what, after all, is a domestic matter. Still, it is a pity that closer relations do not exist between the Government and the Bank, for there should be no politics in matters of finance, and better men than Mr. Lloyd George have found it advisable to go into the City and take counsel of financial experts when engaged in smoothing out a financial tangle. The immediate effect of the rise in the Bank rate was a relapse in Stock Exchange prices and a pause in speculation, and as this was eminently desirable, the action of the directors is welcome. Prices were rising too fast, and so easy did it appear to be to make money that every Tom, Dick and Harry was opening an account on the Stock Exchange. It needed something to check speculation. A rise in the Bank rate always has a chastening effect on a "boom". Even the rubber share market paused in its mad career. We do not, however, look for any further serious set-back in prices. There is a legitimate public demand behind the movement, and this will not be checked by a rise in the Bank rate. It is only the weak speculator who is frightened, and his elimination will help to strengthen the market position.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians experienced the sharpest set-back on the announcement of the rise in the Bank rate. The prospect of high contango rates induced dealers to lighten their books, and the same consideration brought in sellers from amongst the "small fry" of the public. The "shops" made little effort to arrest the decline in prices, being glad of the opportunity of getting cheap stock. It will probably not be long before the upward movement is resumed. The leading finance houses are not pressing stock upon the market; they are well supplied with funds, and can better afford to hold now than they could a year ago. Stock will, of course, be let out as the public demand grows but at rising prices, and the knowledge of this should give courage to the speculative investor. We are thinking of "Kaffirs" more particularly. Speculation in the shares of Rhodesian companies whose sponsors are responsible should give a reasonable chance of a run for one's money. Unfortunately many non-starters are in the list seeking public support. As regards "Kaffirs," there is the fact that the required amount of labour for working the mines is now available, thus ensuring a steadily increasing output. Working costs are being reduced so as to bring hitherto unprofitable mines within the range of dividends, and the full effect has yet to be experienced of the many amalgamations carried through in the course of the last two years. These factors form solid reason for faith in the Kaffir market. Where there is any doubt as to which shares should be bought, it is a safe plan to buy those of the "holding" companies, thereby securing an interest in a large number and spreading the risk over a big area. Gold Fields, South African Gold Trust, Gold Mines Investment, General Mining, Johannesburg Investment, and Central Mining may still be recommended. For a gamble pure and simple South Village Deep offers attractions. The General Mining Corporation has the company under its wing, and at the right moment is expected to amalgamate it with some others, provided the Transvaal Government will give up its rights to the mines in the south. Mining operations are not now in progress, but the company has money in hand; it is said to possess a mine of promise as a low-grade proposition, and its shares can be bought for a few shillings.

A further improvement has taken place in Home Railway stocks, and the rise in the Bank rate has not had such a restraining effect upon prices as might have been expected. District stock has been prominently to the fore, rising to 20½. The rise has been slow in coming, but it is satisfactory to find anticipations borne out even at this late day. The company has never paused since the beginning of the year, and now has a gain of £10,500 in traffic for the ten weeks. East-

London stock is being pushed forward as "a prominent investment", but only knaves and fools can see any prospect before this company.

INSURANCE: THE ESSENTIALS OF FIRE INSURANCE.

BETWEEN life assurance and fire insurance there are points of resemblance and of difference that are both interesting and instructive. It is generally recognised that life assurance is conducted on a mutual basis, and this is thought to be the case largely because participating policyholders share in the surplus or profits of a life office. This is by no means the only or even the most important mutual feature of insurance. A non-participating life policy, and fire, accident, and employers' liability policies are all mutual contracts, and the existence or otherwise of shareholders in no way destroys this character. Insurance companies are merely big co-operative societies.

In fire insurance part of the premium is paid for the purpose of meeting losses and part for the expense of running the machinery; it is not unmutil to pay for rent, or salaries, or commission or other expenses, neither is it unmutil to pay shareholders for constructing the machine which brings the policyholders together and enables the desired results to be attained.

The essence of insurance, without which it could not exist, is that individuals can, by joining together, pay the average cost of the damage done by fire to such property as their own. Instead of incurring a possible loss of £1000 in consequence of a fire, they make a definite payment of £1 a year, or whatever the premium may be. In this way they escape the financial uncertainty to which they would be subject otherwise. An association of policyholders, however, by taking many risks escapes all risk, just as a man who buys all the tickets in a lottery is certain of winning the prize, and, if the lottery is fair, he neither gains nor loses by doing so.

When it is recognised that fire insurance is essentially the co-operation of insured persons, the practice of fire offices and the conditions of policies come to be regarded from a different point of view from that which is sometimes taken by the unthinking, who regard their insurance as a business deal with a body of shareholders whose sole concern is to make profits. Competition and various other conditions effectually prevent any body of shareholders from making unduly large profits at the expense of the insured. The trading profit of fire companies does not exceed about £5 out of every £100 received in premiums. The share capital involved is, as a rule, small in proportion to the magnitude of the business undertaken. Substantial funds have been gradually accumulated throughout long periods in the past. These have the double effect of affording abundant security for policyholders, and, by the interest earned upon them, providing a substantial part of the dividends for shareholders. These funds belong to the proprietors, and have been acquired through the sagacity of the companies in abstaining from drawing the whole of the trading profits made in bygone times, during which shareholders frequently received very small dividends.

Amateurs often imagine that they understand how to conduct fire insurance business much better than the managers of insurance companies, who have long personal experience of the business, the records of their own companies for many years, and the accumulated knowledge of all the important fire companies. Needless to say, the fire managers understand the subject rather better than the amateurs. It is urged by the ignorant that the managers are merely seeking profits for the proprietors. Let it be granted that it is so; still, the managers know that their companies are merely the machinery for co-operation, that undefeasible laws limit the rate of profit that can be made, save so far as it can be increased by economy of management, by extension of valuable connexions, and prudent selection of risks. Otherwise it is immaterial to the company—to the machine—upon what lines the business is conducted.

Profits for shareholders depend upon the success with which co-operation between policyholders is provided for: it is bad tactics to charge too high a premium for one class of risk and too low a rate for another; it is bad also to impose restrictions of any kind, or to issue "valued" policies, if experience shows such conditions or policies to be against the interests of the general body of the insured. Let it be remembered that the success of a fire office, from the point of view of the shareholders, depends upon its efficiency as a machine for enabling policyholders to co-operate on a mutual basis for their common good, and people will be more ready than some now are to recognise that the terms and conditions of fire insurance are the result of ample knowledge and long experience directed to the sole end of providing most effectually for the benefit of the insured.

"THE MADRAS HOUSE."

By MAX BEERBOHM.

TWO or three weeks ago, when I was depreciating Mr. Shaw's "Misalliance", I was careful not to say anything against his preference of a "debate" to a play in the ordinary sense of the word. But (if I remember rightly) I pleaded that a debate, to be effective on the stage, must have some sort of unity. In art you cannot do without form. Nor, for that matter, can you very well do without it in life. Suppose the debates in the House of Commons were conducted in the manner of Mr. Shaw's. Suppose that Mr. Lowther had been deposed from his chair, and that G. B. S. reigned in his stead. There would be no calling to order. Every member would be allowed to talk of whatever thing were uppermost in his head, without relevance to the set topic. Nay, there would be no set topic. Mr. Speaker would regard set topics as an old-fashioned method of crippling and sterilising the senate. Consequently, there could be no "winding-up" of the debate from the two front benches, and no "division". The debate would go on and on, the members revelling in their freedom, until Mr. Shaw, prevented by his office from talking himself, and bound by the same token to sit and listen with an air of polite interest, gradually pined away at his post and died there. There would be a certain poetic justice in that sombre conclusion to the proceedings. But the strangers in the gallery, as they filed out with bowed heads and noiseless foot-steps, would not have for consolation the feeling that they had attended a memorable and useful debate.

On the other hand, anyone who leaves the Duke of York's Theatre after the third act of "The Madras House" will feel that he has derived an immense amount of amusement and instruction. For here is a debate that has unity. Mr. Granville Barker sticks to his theme. We know where we are. A steady flame burns for us, in place of mere showers of disappearing sparks. In the fourth act the flame still burns, but only in its socket, and dimly. The debate has gone on long enough, and what Mr. Barker has left over to the last is in itself of inferior interest. Thus your gratitude to him is like to be mitigated unless you depart immediately after the magnificent third act. Take this advice. I wish there had been somebody to advise me.

The unifying principle of the play is that the theme throughout is the present and future of woman—woman regarded from various standpoints, moral, æsthetic, economic, and so on. There is no lack of men in the play, all of them sharply-differentiated types, but the main reason for their existence is not in the presentment of them as types, but in their typical contributions to the discussion of the theme. They are far outnumbered by the women. Some of these are elaborate studies, with any amount to say for themselves; whilst others, such as the five unmarried daughters in the suburban home, and the three "mannequins" in the drapery shop, are as the chemicals which in certain experiments do but "act by their presence"—inobtrusive figures, yet philosophically significant, needed by the theme. Nor is it merely in theme that this debate coheres. Its manner is one throughout. In "Mis-

alliance" Mr. Shaw constantly changes his manner for fear of boring us; as when he introduces an acrobat on an aeroplane. He makes his characters mostly comic in order to compensate us for the serious views they are to express. This is a manoeuvre that defeats itself. We can listen with pleasure to the jests of serious people. (That is one of the reasons why Mr. Shaw achieved his great popularity.) But we cannot take clowns seriously. A clown straddling about with a red-hot poker is all very well, in his way. But the clown at the lectern won't do at all. There is nothing specifically funny about the characters in "The Madras House". They are all a trifle exaggerated and simplified, so that their typical qualities be brought out and carried across the footlights. But this process is used no further than the art of the theatre rightly demands it. Every character in the play is a true study, made by a man with a lust for accurate observation, and with an immense talent for sympathy. Yes, perhaps it is not so much sympathy that Mr. Barker has as an immense talent for it. He is sympathetic through sheer force of intellect. So would Mr. Shaw be if he could (or, let us say, if he chose to) observe men and women accurately instead of inventing in some dark corner of his soul men and women with whom not all the concentrated forces of his intellect can make him sympathise. In "The Madras House" there is only one character that does not stand forth vital and salient; and this is the character of Philip Madras, the wise and good young man who is always in the right—always perspicacious, unselfish, and charitable by virtue of being himself so shadowy and cold. It is a note that pervades modern drama, this doctrine that human beings are always hopelessly in the wrong, and that only the inhuman ones can hope to be in the right. I don't say it is a false doctrine; but it certainly is a lugubrious one. And we must be pardoned for a certain measure of impatience with Philip Madras. Repressing our impulse to call him an impostor, and hailing him reverently as pope, we can't, even so, stand him—whether we feel we are in the right with him or in the wrong with the others.

And unluckily it is on him that the last act of the play mainly depends. We have already had many glimpses of his perspicacity, unselfishness, and charitableness; glimpses only. But now, so soon as the other characters, with the exception of Mrs. Philip, have taken leave of us, he asserts himself at great length. It is a very long, very quiet conversation that he has with his wife; and the upshot of it is that the one chance for a man who hopes in this chaotic and evil world to preserve his self-respect, the one chance for him not to be crushed under the collapsing edifices of our jerry-built civilisation, is that he become a member of the London County Council. Slipped somewhere into the middle of the play, this discourse might be interesting enough, but it is not nearly interesting enough to be otherwise than a tedious anti-climax to the tensivity of the first three acts. The first act is tense as a preparation, and as a picture—a picture of prosperous suburban life, a picture of Sunday afternoon in a large new drawing-room that commands a view of the Crystal Palace. Not all the drawings of Charles Keene could give us a firmer impression than Mr. Barker here gives us of typical middle-class life. It is as though we ourselves had spent Sunday afternoon in the bosom of the Huxtable family—nay, innumerable Sunday afternoons in the bosom of innumerable families like them. It is a stupendous synthesis. In the second act the venue is changed; we are away from the Misses Huxtable (though they haunt us), and from Mrs. Madras, the long-ago-deserted of Mr. Madras. There has been (as indicated in the first act) a scandal in the drapery shop of which Mr. Huxtable is chief proprietor. One of the female staff has been seduced. Mr. Huxtable has failed to handle the matter satisfactorily to himself: he has heard his voice "saying things" in which he didn't believe, though he believed on principle that they were the correct things to say. So now Mr. Philip Madras has been left to deal with the matter. On the one hand is Miss Chancellor, the overseer of the establishment, who holds the bitter conventional

view. On the other, Mrs. Brigstock, wife of an employee who "lives in"—an excitable woman, who believes that she has cause for jealousy. Both women are admirably presented. But the principal study is that of Miss Yates, the delinquent—a capable young person, who does not in the least regret what she has done, and is, on the contrary, glad and proud of it, though her spiritual revolt does not preclude passing doubts—"I suppose I am bad. Perhaps I deserve to 'go under'. I don't know!" From this particular study the play opens to general issues. The third act ranges at large over the whole position of woman in modern life. The discussion is carried on mainly by Constantine Madras (a convert to Mohammedanism) and Mr. Eustace Perrin State (a deeply sentimental American "hustler", with all the leisuredness of his kind; altogether, the truest presentment of an American ever made by an Englishman, and acted with quite uncanny realism by Mr. Arthur Whitby). It is impossible to give any idea of the breadth and brilliancy of this scene. There is deeper and nimbler thought in it, and richer humour, than in any scene known to me in modern drama. I am impatient to possess it in a book. By this I do not mean that it has not on the stage certain qualities that it would lose in a library. It is thoroughly dramatic, by the contrast of the characters of the talkers; and the talkers are vivid characters who gain by being presented in actual flesh and blood. But their talk is too good for us not to want it in a form that can be held captive.

In praising "The Madras House" so highly after my disparagement of "Misalliance", I ought, in decency, not to forget how much Mr. Barker owes to Mr. Shaw. He was not, of course, created by Mr. Shaw; but deeply influenced he was and is. I hope he will now repay the debt by deeply influencing Mr. Shaw. Then I shall be as happy as the day is long.

NEW LIGHT ON TURNER.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

IT is good news which Mr. MacColl announced to us last week that Crome's "Poringland Oak" has been secured for the nation. One would now like to see the other Norwich master, Cotman, represented properly. The beautiful little "Wherries on Breydon" is, as Mr. MacColl remarks, singularly close to Crome, but I believe is not in its original condition. The other picture which bears Cotman's name has nothing to do with him. There is no specimen in the Gallery of his original and peculiar style.

Let us also congratulate the National Gallery on the publication of an official "Inventory of Drawings of the Turner Bequest; arranged chronologically by A. J. Finberg". This, to be sure, is but a tardy act of justice to Turner's memory; and it is amazing that this work—itsself, as the Director tells us, but a beginning and foundation—was not undertaken long ago. It would have saved Turner's biographers many errors and much wasted time. For here is a clue to his whole life-work and his endless wanderings over England and the Continent. Till five years ago this great mass of nineteen thousand drawings and sketches had been considered only with a view to its being made available for the public by exhibition. Ruskin, as everyone knows, devotedly took upon himself the voluntary task of examining the collection and choosing out a certain number for successive exhibition; but Ruskin took no interest in mere dates, he divided the drawings into categories of "fine", "middling", and "rubbish", and made his selection solely for the purpose of providing models of inspiration to young painters. This may have been very well for the young painter, but it entirely neglected the means of clearing up all sorts of doubtful points in the master's career, which certainly should have been the first object to aim at. The result has been to add a positive confusion to the original lack of arrangement. In choosing drawings for exhibition Ruskin tore leaves from sketch-books, often without noting from what book they were taken. When, there-

fore, the indefatigable Mr. Finberg was invited to attack the famous tin boxes which contained the unexhibited drawings, and which it had been the tradition to describe as full of uninteresting odds-and-ends, the task before him was prodigious. Having some experience of this kind of work, I can appreciate the careful industry—I was going to write displayed, but should rather say hidden away—in these two full volumes. If complex, however, the labour was full of interest. The sketch-books, as now chronologically arranged, illustrate the master's work from 1787, when Turner was twelve, to 1846, five years before his death, in an unbroken series. They carry us all over England. Did any man know his native land as Turner did? And they trace for us his wanderings in France and Italy, in Switzerland and the Netherlands. Mr. Finberg has worked out these tours in detail, and gives us a sketch-map of the first Continental tour of 1802. It may be mentioned, by the way, as an instance of the doubtful points cleared up in this inventory, that the date of Turner's first visit to Venice is definitely established as 1819. According to the Dictionary of National Biography it "must have been about 1832". The minor additions made to our knowledge are innumerable.

It would be impossible in a brief article to do justice to the results of Mr. Finberg's minute labours, and only by a prolonged study of the drawings themselves could one adequately test his conclusions. I will therefore only touch on a few points of interest. I am glad that Mr. Finberg has not disdained to transcribe the fragmentary jottings that Turner, in his own infinitely illegible hand, made alongside his sketches or on blank leaves. For besides names of persons by whom drawings or pictures were commissioned, which may prove a valuable record, there are all sorts of little human traits and touches, all the more human in the austere setting of a catalogue, that speak of the intimate man. He is careful of expenses, a shrewd scrutiniser of bills, he notes the inns where fare is good. On one page of a sketch-book he transcribes a recipe for an ointment; now he is struggling with poetry: "Few the sweets that autumn yields, The enfeebled bee forsakes the fields"; he repeats this couplet several times amid a mass of confused verse. But Turner, who was always beginning poems, never seems to have ended them. His genius for incoherence seizes him midway. Another time it is a speech to the Academicians with which he wrestles, or a lecture on perspective. At twenty-five he still has thoughts for his wardrobe and catalogues his "Clothes"; he has white silk stockings and black silk stockings, he has 4 white waistcoats, 1 black waistcoat, 4 under-waistcoats, and 5 coloured waistcoats; after which the "3 pocket handkerchiefs" seem a stint of proportion. Then we find him preparing himself for his first foreign tour by noting down the bare elements of French grammar. Later on he sets down a phrase to be learnt by heart and fired off at Ostend pier: "Laisser passer sans aucune empêchement!" At Brussels he notes "Bill, Carte; fourberies, cheats". Trivialities, these, but they help to picture the taciturn, contradictory, practical, incurably English Englishman in whom genius found so queer a lodging. Of real interest too are Turner's criticisms on pictures, often incoherent, of course, like all he wrote, but proving how actively his mind reflected on his art. In these notes he shows the same keen painter's interest that Reynolds shows in his note-books, praising or criticising the design, the relation of tones, masses, etc. There are pages of criticism on the magnificent collection of pictures, the spoils of Europe, which was to be seen in the Louvre in 1802. Turner was then twenty-seven. He condemns certain artificialities among the beauties of some pictures by Ruysdael. He analyses closely masterpieces by Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck. The "Cardinal Benvoluntini", by the way, must be the famous "Bentivoglio" of Van Dyck, though Mr. Finberg does not make the identification. But it is Poussin who seems to interest him most; he is full of admiration, but finds faults freely. A line or two from the notes on Poussin's "Deluge" will give a notion of

the interest of these criticisms. "The boat on the waterfall is ill-judged and misapplied, for the figures are placed at the wrong end to give the idea of falling. . . . The woman giving the child is unworthy the mind of Poussin. She is as unconcerned as the man floating with a small piece of board. A waterfall is introduced to fill up the interstices of the earth—artificially, not tearing or desolating, but falling placidly in another pool. . . . But the colour is sublime."

Among the drawings of the bequest are a certain number which are not by Turner, though several of these were chosen for exhibition by Ruskin as typical of his work. Mr. Finberg has relegated these and other "doubtful" drawings to an appendix. Among them are a number by Girtin; and Mr. Finberg attributes also to Girtin a long series of copies from J. R. Cozens in Indian ink and indigo. If I may judge from my recollection of these copies, bought at Dr. Monro's sale, I see no reason why they should be Girtin's, and not Turner's, work.

Not a few of the Turner drawings in the National Gallery have suffered from prolonged exposure to the light. Ruskin pointed out the danger of exposure in 1857, and the intention was that their exhibition should never be other than temporary. It seems, however, that some of the drawings have been on exhibition ever since that date. There has been some criticism of the decision by which Mr. Salting's Turners have gone to the British Museum; but there, at any rate, they will not be ruined by undue exposure. All the Salting drawings are now on view in the Prints and Drawings Gallery of the Museum, and a wonderfully varied series it is. The matchless Holbein head is perhaps the pearl of a collection which includes sixteen Rembrandts, some of magical quality, half a dozen beautiful Watteaus, a splendid set of Canaletto drawings, two Dürers, and the rare collection of portraits by the Clouets, not to speak of the Turners and other water-colours. Among the Clouets are two which are ascribed to Jean Clouet, the rest being by François or unknown artists of the school. Stately and subtle as these earlier two are, they do not reach the depth and the absolute quality of Holbein's portraiture, they lack his marvellous wholeness of design. To compare these with the Holbein and that again with the Dürer portrait is to receive an illuminating lesson.

"C'EST LE GÂCHIS!"

C'EST le gâchis!—"chaos. After political calm has come the storm. For quite a long time past, several months, all scandals, political or otherwise, had hidden their ugly heads, realising that they were the last thing people wanted to talk about. "L'Affaire Steinheil" had run its tempestuous course and, culminating in an hysterical shout of triumph at one o'clock in the morning, had left a city exhausted; unwilling to divide itself again into hostile camps for any subject under the sun; wishing only for a quiet life free from distressing "affaires". Then came the floods and "the great and beautiful movement of solidarity": Parisians a band of brothers embracing indiscriminately without thought of party in the face of a common distress, and with the luxurious motor-cars of Royalists and Buonapartists conveying indigent supporters of the Government to the soup-kitchens presided over by Countesses. Then, all danger over, the loud crow of "Chantecler" was at last heard. For a fortnight Paris talked of nothing but the voice of M. Guitry, the graces of Mme. Simone, and the croaking of the frogs under the tree. And now the elections are drawing near.

At once Paris, freed from the floods and "Chantecler" and other convulsions of nature, begins again to live her own life, like the heroines of to-day at the Boulevard theatres. The elections are near, politics are again in the air, and scandals pop up their heads everywhere. It is forgotten that the dark days of the floods found Parisians a united family. With the first breath of spring and a smiling city again, discord

arises. "Le struggleforlife" begins once more. M. Pataud, trying to re-establish a drooping reputation, leads the way. "Let every fat bourgeois who values his skin take the staircase and not the lift" he growls. The lifts continue to "marcher" however, although the electricians refuse flatly to do so. "Why should we come out on strike at the bidding of a bourgeois who accepts two stalls for the first night of 'Chantecler'?" they say. M. Pataud retires discomfited from a lively meeting at the Bourse du Travail, and having vainly talked himself out of breath has the mortification of seeing his fat brothers saving theirs. The "King of Light" extinguished, reports of naval scandals come from Toulon. A high official hurries down to see about them. We hear amazing stories of waste and incompetence and fraud, and several much-respected people are arrested. Before the official has finished smoothing out matters at Toulon, however, similar tales come from Brest and Lorient. France, we are given to understand, has a navy tied together with string. Plainly the elections approach.

And at last comes the new, the real "affaire". M. Duez, who has been helping to realise the famous milliard promised to the people by the sale of the property taken from the Church, is arrested. "How many millions have you 'diverted'?" asks the judge d'instruction after the first shock of surprise is over. "Oh, let us say five" replies M. Duez, complacently stroking his long beard, although other people are saying it is ten. "You can put down a million of that", continues the gallant liquidateur, "to divers pleasures." The hint is taken, and perquisitions are made at the various domiciles of the fallen liquidator, where jewellery is seized in spite of shrill feminine protest. M. Duez, who commenced his interesting career at the Bon Marché, and of recent years has spent much of his time at his charming Riviera villa, consents to explain further. He "runs the show" in the judge's chamber, we are told, and marches up and down with his hands behind his back making speeches. "I found that I had a temperament which needed money", he says. "So that, being placed in the position of liquidator with absolute discretion, I gambled on the Bourse. Bad luck pursued me, but always going on in the hope of winning I had to divert more and more money happily realised on the convents and church plate. Voilà!" Here M. Duez becomes indignant. "They ought to have placed a check on me", he tells the judge. "I suggested it and it was not done, so what can they expect?" Meanwhile Paris says: "No wonder, then, that we have never seen, and never shall see, our famous milliard. Our old-age pensions have gone in buying bedsheets at £160 a pair"—this having been one of the little luxuries of M. Duez. The promised £40,000,000 seem to be as visionary as those of Mme. Humbert. And meanwhile all the intimate friends of the lavish M. Duez are very uncomfortable. There are perquisitions and rummagings amongst papers all over Paris. The mystery surrounding certain gentlemen who a few years ago were of the seediest, and who have now blossomed out into motor-cars, châteaux and shooting parties, is explained. The chief associate of M. Duez lived in such luxury that his guests had to complain of the broad lace border on his table-napkins, which gave them no room to wipe their moustaches. He had five separate houses in Paris: one an ancient convent, where, enthroned as Sultan, he so scandalised the neighbourhood that he had to go.

Up to then it had been quite simple: a swindle on a big scale had at last been discovered, and those chiefly concerned in it arrested. But now Paris learns that M. Duez has been suspected for years past, and that various agitations to make him give an account of his stewardship have been mysteriously quashed. At once "une affaire"! There is said to be great uneasiness in high judicial quarters; for two years past it has been understood that M. Duez would do better not to go near the Palais de Justice, although his

official duties should take him there often. And, asks Paris, if this has been known for years, why has he only been arrested just on the eve of the elections? Why let loose just at this moment a scandal which has been deliberately bottled up for years? "This is Combes' doing" shout the angry Ministerialists. "This is a trick of Briand, but everybody sees through it!" cry the angry Combistes. Paris joins the chorus: "Let us know who are the protectors of this man and we'll show you at the elections." The Combistes determine to have the truth or perish. They insist on knowing all about the disappearance of the milliard they promised. M. Jaurès, amid great excitement, gets up in the Chamber and bays his deep bass for an hour through his agitated beard. In the name of a swindled people he wants to know the truth, and the whole truth. He supplies a few details himself. A famous liqueur made by the monks has passed into the hands of unscrupulous "industriels", who, after paying huge commissions on the transaction, have been filling their bottles with the cheapest spirit. M. Briand in reply also searches only for the truth. Can he be blamed if it commences to leak out only on the eve of the elections? But in spite of this, everybody is convinced that the hare has been started because of the elections; but by whom, or why, or to benefit which party nobody is certain. The Clerical party, with reason, find it impossible to restrain their indignation. The milliard, then, which was to come from their despoiled congregations has gone to buy châteaux and motor-cars and table napkins for M. Duez and Co. And the Pope himself says "Poor France, robbed twice over!" which seems an excellent summing-up.

But while Paris is hunting the hare M. Duez takes it very easy in the examining judge's room. One would say that his troubles are all over. He hints mysteriously at powerful influences behind him. "I hold the keys to the affaire. You will never find them." He has never slept so well for years, he says, and his appetite is excellent. Evidently he has a tranquil mind. Into the hand of a waitress who brings him dinner from a neighbouring restaurant he slips a handsome tip. "I know nothing about politics", says she in the subsequent interview, "mais c'est un homme charmant". M. Duez always had a taking way with him, and was very popular and liberal at Montmartre. He is a humourist too. Before he was mysteriously given the high office of helping to liquidate the milliard for the State, he says to the judge, he stole 500,000 francs from his former "patron". The "patron", confronted by his former employé, denies it indignantly. "Am I, then, so rich and such an idiot as not to have missed £20,000?" he exclaims. M. Duez assures him quite calmly that £20,000 was really taken from him and that he will be happy to give proofs in due course, adding "It was quite simple". Whereupon a brisk passage of arms in the judge's room, M. Duez swearing he stole the £20,000, the patron vowing that it is ridiculous and impossible, and the judge asking both to be reasonable and tell the truth without fear of "amour-propre". More complications! M. Duez, well-informed people explain, by accusing himself of such a small vulgar theft from a private employer—and not insisting on the millions missing to the State—hopes to be sent to the Assizes, where all must come out or all must be suppressed—by those in high places who are implicated! So does one's poor intelligence, lost already in the mazes of the latest "affaire", refuse to try to find the way to the light. One must leave it to others to explain. An old boulevardier does it in his own way to an attentive circle in a café: "C'est le gâchis, but what would you? The elections are coming and strange events are bound to happen. A head is found in the rue Botzaris, and an ear in the Boulevard Haussmann, and then a pair of hands in the sewers. And now we have the Affaire Duez—the Mystery of the lost Milliard, greater than the mystery of the Affaire Steinheil. We have had a period of quiet for some time and must now expect these things, just as the Affaire Humbert and the Affaire Dreyfus arrived in

their proper seasons before the elections. During the floods I chatted amicably with my next-door neighbour every morning as we stepped into the boat together. Such a state of things could not last. We had been enemies for years, and now we speak no longer—the question of Church and State once more divides us. And now we have the *Affaire Duez*—the Mystery of the Chiefs of State must do. “C’est la même chose, et c’est la vie!”

PUTNEY.

THE choice of the reach between Putney and Mortlake for London’s aquatic stadium was not a bad one. The Thames here is broad enough to give ample elbow-room to the competing oars, and to bear on its surface hundreds of other craft laden with spectators. On the banks and bridges also there is room for many thousands of onlookers; the current flows smoothly and the large, easy bends of the stream incline impartially to either side. Most onlookers, of course, have eyes for nothing but the turns of the race. The presence or absence of glowing landscape or historic landmark is of no account. They know only the proverbial catch points in the course: the “Crab Tree”, the “Soapworks”, “Harrod’s Stores”, or “Barnes Railway Bridge”. Some lovers of the Thames may, however, deplore in the championship course possibly the least attractive reach of their beautiful river. Yet there may be some among them who find even the Dutch-like depression of these shores relieved and made interesting by innumerable reminders of historic events and those who made them.

To start at Putney, for instance, it is not difficult to imagine away the great granite bridge and see in its place the picturesque old wooden gangway which was before it. One may even see in yet earlier days the river flowing much as at present, save for the glint of the salmon or the turmoil caused by a porpoise—the so-called royal sturgeon, the perquisite of the Lord Mayor. Nor need we stay from going back till we reach those remote ages when we may perceive on either bank, at Fulham and at Putney, the building of the two parish churches, vestiges of which still remain—at Putney in the form of a beautiful little chapel with fan-tracery roof, built by Bishop West of Ely, the son of a baker of Putney, and at Fulham in the tower surmounted by battlements. The builders of those churches were two giant sisters, and the similarity in the churches’ appearance is attributed to the kinship of the builders and the similar circumstances of their origin. The sisters, in fact, possessed but one set of tools between them. They must needs use them in turns, flinging them across the river as occasion demanded, and—as Mrs. Bell tells us in her “*Skirts of the Great City*”—the Fulham builder cried out, when she wanted an implement, “Heave it full home!” (Fulham); and the Putney one, when her turn came, shouted “Put it nigh!” (Putney).

Most of the Putney houses associated with the names of great men have gone. Still, it is possible here and there to identify their sites. Thomas Cromwell was born in a pretty gabled cottage by the water’s edge, part of the property of his father, who was a blacksmith and a brewer as well as a wool merchant and an innkeeper. The cottage was known as the “Home-stall”. Nor is old Noll unconnected with Putney. The street called “Cromwell Place” stands for him. Certain it is that he established his headquarters here as a convenient station for keeping one eye upon the King, who was at Hampton Court, and the other on the Parliament at Westminster. It is said that his councils were frequently held in the parish church, where the members sat with their hats on round the altar and relieved the monotony of their deliberations by psalm-singing and sermons from popular preachers. Some chroniclers have it that the general’s time was chiefly spent in planting mulberry-trees in Putney.

Where to-day we find “River Street” and “River Terrace” stood in old days the house of Mr. John Lacy, the wealthy cloth merchant, where Queen Eliza-

beth was sumptuously entertained in 1579, and again fourteen years later on her way up-stream to Richmond, where she died. To this house, subsequently known as the “Palace”, came James I. before his coronation, and when Charles I. was a prisoner in Hampton Court the house was occupied by Lord Fairfax, then in command of the Roundheads encamped at Putney. The entrance gates are still to be seen. “Fairfax House”, in High Street, was the home of Bishop Juxon in the days before his royal master’s troubles began. “Essex House”, also in High Street, was the property of Queen Elizabeth’s favourite; and in a shop close by is preserved a ceiling bearing the royal arms with the initials of Essex and the Queen worked into a true-lover’s knot. It was when riding up Putney Hill, after escaping from London, up-stream and not down the river as was expected, that Wolsey, after his disgrace, was accosted by the Lord Chamberlain, Sir John Norris, who handed to him a ring on the King’s behalf in token of royal reconciliation. The Cardinal at first sorely lamented that he had nothing to send to his master as an earnest of his gratitude: “But here is my fool that rides beside me; take him to Court, I beseech thee, and give him to his highness. I assure you he is worth a thousand pounds for any nobleman’s pleasure!” At the foot of the hill lived Edmund Bonner, who rose to be Bishop of London, and fell to die in poverty and neglect in the Marshalsea Prison.

It was on Putney Heath, when the Monarchy was near its fall, that the people of Surrey met to petition for the establishment of Episcopacy; and after the Restoration Charles II. reviewed his troops there. It was a favourite haunt of highwaymen; and many famous duels have been fought upon it, notably the meetings between Colonel Henry Compton and Lord Chandos, Lord Castlereagh and George Canning, Pitt (then Prime Minister) and William Tierney M.P. The great Minister himself lived for several years at Putney in Bowling Green House, once a hostelry famous for its fine lawn and its breakfast and supper parties. Here he was watched over with affection by Lady Hester Stanhope; here a few days only before his death he greeted Lord Wellesley on his return from his victorious career in India; and here, according to the accepted story, the “heaven-sent Minister” was found by a messenger, who reached his bedroom unannounced after vainly calling for admission, lying dead and absolutely alone. Not far from Bowling Green House was a cottage inhabited by Mrs. Siddons and her daughters, and close by was the home of Fuseli the painter. In West Lodge, on the Common, Douglas Jerrold wrote his “*Candle Lectures*”, and not far off Gibbon the historian was born in Lime Grove House, on the road to Wimbledon. In Putney he attended his first day-school, and it was at his aunt’s house near the bridge that he made the famous repartee to the French doctor reported in Moore’s *Memoirs*. Gibbon and the Frenchman were rivals in courting the Lady Elizabeth Foster. “When my lady is made ill by your twaddle”, said the doctor one day in a fit of jealousy, “I will cure her”. To which the historian replied “When my lady is dead from your recipes I will immortalise her”. In a cottage at Putney Theodore Hook, who is buried in the church at Fulham opposite, wrote his reminiscences, and Mary Shelley wrote her husband’s memoirs. In a villa on Putney Heath lived the Macpherson of “*Ossian*”. But Putney holds a greater name in letters than any of these—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Fulham Palace, which peers among the trees of the public park on the river’s edge, formerly part of the episcopal gardens, has been the country house of the Bishop of London for eight hundred years. The house was completed by Bishop Fletcher, son of the dramatist, in 1595, and the gardens were soon famous. In them were grown the grapes sent by Bishop Grindal to Queen Elizabeth; but they disagreed with her, and the bishop was accused of having the plague in his house.

A TROPICAL ISLAND.

By FILSON YOUNG.

I.—LANDFALL.

TO visit the West Indies in winter is to have an experience at once as vivid and as unreal as it is possible to imagine. You leave the English climate at its darkest and worst, and English life at its full tide; and you go straight into the heart of summer and idleness—summer so deep and idleness so complete that you are almost cheated into believing that life consists of summer and idleness. And in a few weeks or months you are back again in England, back again in what still looks like winter to you, although at home they call it the beginning of spring; back amid chills and fogs and the roaring activity of human life and interests that make London the centre of the world. And you wonder if it can be true, if you have not been dreaming, if that memory of blazing sunshine and giant vegetation and glowing gorgeous colour is not a thing of the imagination, or the atmosphere of a fairy world which you have visited only in the spirit. It is an experience well worth having, and for people who can afford to take a holiday in the winter by far a more complete change of scene and environment than any rapid rush to the South of France or to Egypt, where so much of one's own familiar world is taken with one. For the West Indies are a new world; people there have different interests, talk about different things, live a wholly different life from ours; and the very link that binds them to us, the imperial link, gives their distance and remoteness and strangeness of life all the greater interest and value. A tour among the islands, with a day or two at each and perhaps ten days in Jamaica, is the usual programme of winter visitors to the West Indies; but I preferred to spend all my time in one, by far the most beautiful of the greater islands, the island of Trinidad, and to learn it and know it and remember it as well as possible. For travellers of experience soon find that rapid, superficial, and fleeting impressions of many different places are no real furniture for the mind, and that to get any knowledge or memory of a place one must not merely look at it, but live in it and become for a time part of its life. One must give a piece of one's own life in exchange for a piece of the life of a foreign land; and it is an exchange that is nearly always worth making.

It is a little unfortunate that Barbados is the first island at which the traveller touches—unfortunate for the traveller, but fortunate for Barbados. Almost any land seen after a fortnight's voyage at sea appears beautiful; and to eyes that have last looked on the dark and rainy coasts of England or France in December the vision of shores steeped in sunshine, white houses, waving palm trees, and the sudden scarlet of hibiscus and poinsettia can hardly seem otherwise than gorgeous. And there are in fact many less beautiful things to be seen than the island of Barbados in the sunshine of early morning. It is about the size of the Isle of Wight, flat and of proportions easily taken in at a glance; very green to look upon, and therefore grateful to eyes accustomed latterly only to the subtle shades of grays and the blues that the sea offers; but that is really all the æsthetic value of Barbados. Such reputation for beauty as it achieves is founded partly on this sudden and disproportionate enthusiasm of the sea-worn tourist who gives it credit for what are really his own sensations of pleasure and relief at seeing land, and partly on the inveterate and magnificent patriotism of its inhabitants, who do seriously believe that it is one of the most beautiful spots on the globe. I doubt if there ever was a pride and local patriotism more real and enduring than the pride of the Barbadian in his land. When I went ashore in Barbados and said that I was going to stay in Trinidad, people's faces fell, and a look of concern came over them. I thought the plague must be there, or the yellow fever at least; but it was more sympathy than alarm that was written on the countenances of my friends. "What a pity", they said, "what a pity that your first impressions of the

West Indies will be derived from Trinidad! Almost any other island would have been better, or if you had only been round the other islands first, then you would have realised that you must not judge the rest of us by Trinidad. Dear me! what a pity." My heart sank in the way that one's heart sinks when one arrives in a strange town and discovers that one has committed oneself irrevocably to the wrong hotel. Very genuine and deep was the sympathy felt for me in Barbados because I was going to live in Trinidad; and it was not until later that I found that I had jolted up against by far the greatest and most bitter of the inter-island jealousies. For Barbados, to put it frankly, can hardly endure the name of Trinidad. Trinidad is exquisitely beautiful, Barbados is rather ugly; Trinidad is large and rich, Barbados is small and poor; Trinidad is settled by old French and Spanish families and cocoa-owning English planters who are rich enough, or who take a large enough view of finance, to be able to travel constantly to Europe; Barbados contains none of this fascinating element, and its white population is almost entirely British, too poor and too honest, most of them, to gamble gaily with Fortune and make long journeys; Trinidad is Catholic, Barbados is Protestant—need I say any more? But Barbados has one fine source of revenge. It catches the English traveller and tourist first, fresh and innocent from the sea, and tells him about Trinidad. . . . And if he is only a tourist and sees for himself no more of Trinidad than its wonderful jumble of forest-covered peaks as his ship lies for eight hours sweltering far out in the bay of Port-of-Spain he will, after the manner of tourists, believe what Barbados has told him. And he will not go ashore, for fear of the yellow fever, and the plague, and the malarial mosquito, and the tick, and the jigger, and the sand-fly, and the land crab.

Nevertheless, this fine jealousy of Barbados is founded upon a splendid quality—a local pride and patriotism that rises above both fact and reason alike. It is the pride of the Barbadians that has made Barbados what it is, and it would be well for some of the other islands, Trinidad included, if they had a little of that fine spirit of pride in their own land and in their own people, allied to such splendid loyalty to the Empire, as Barbados shows. For it was a Barbadian who said, returning fresh from a long visit to Europe, from sojourns in great capitals and from mingling as a spectator amid pageants and ceremonies, who said on sighting again the mile or two of flat shore for which his ship was making, "Thank Heaven, I am back in the world again!"

The very first impression of anything has a value and vividness all its own. Often it is untrue, and has to be corrected afterwards; nothing can or ought to be deduced from it, and it is no safe guide to material facts or conditions. But often also it has a subtle spiritual truth that no amount of laborious investigation can reveal, and that may fade and become lost when knowledge has been acquired. The first impression of the winter traveller to the shores of the West Indies is a human one, and is concerned with the black race. Before the steamer is anchored, crowds of niggers are yelling and shouting and screaming for pennies alongside, diving and scrambling, pushing and fighting and making pandemonium down below in the bright water. It is not really a pretty sight, and contains in only a very small degree the element of picturesqueness which is usually attributed to such scenes. The negroes are always grotesque and generally villainously ugly; their voices and cries are hideous, and when you go ashore, and land and walk in the hot white street and see fresh types of ugliness in negro women absurdly and grotesquely tricked out in styles and fashions destined to draw attention to the beauty of white people, your sensation is probably one of a slight sinking of the heart. It is an inevitable sinking, such as one feels at first on arriving at a town in the Southern States of America. One seems to have fallen into a world half populated by trained and intelligent apes. Yet there is this difference: in America there is a sharp line drawn between

black and white; there are separate coaches on the railway and separate seats in the tramcars for the black people, who accept their inferiority with a smiling and dog-like content that is both natural and right, and that robs their presence of offence. But in the British West Indies the negro mingles with the crowd, and jostles against the white man, and can sit with him at the public table and enter the same public vehicle with him; and it is that which makes one's first impression of the nigger there so disagreeable. For it is not because he is ugly or brutal or grotesque that his presence dismays you; it is because he is, or appears to be, your equal. That is wrong; and no amount of argument or theory can ever make it right. I will not be betrayed into an excursion on the negro question; but I am recording impressions, and that is the first impression the ordinary English traveller will receive on making landfall in the West Indies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ECONOMICS OF WARFARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Teddington, 25 February 1910.

SIR,—Is it economically right or is it socially profitable to the community to spend £40,000,000 on warships? On the one hand, I receive the superficial answer "It's good for trade"; on the other, the pat assurance that it is obviously unprofitable labour, and therefore to be condemned. Some time ago I read in a book by a French author of a country gentleman whose conscience forbade him to indulge in casual charity. He therefore had a pile of stones shot down in his stable yard and, before relieving vagrants, insisted upon their wheeling these stones from one side of the yard to the other. I have heard that this was not only immoral but cruel. I doubt it. I am told that a ship of war is like these itinerant stones. I doubt that also.

Let us set apart war from the argument, for obviously defence fully justifies such expense. Assume that the Powers are at peace for evermore. Is our warship, then, utterly wasteful?

If so, what of the labour and material that go to the making of a billiard table, a piano, or a racecourse? It might be said that these add to the joy of nations, whereas the battleship does not. But is the experience gained on a racecourse worth the discipline of mind and muscle obtained on H.M.S. "Temeraire"? That concerns not the outside community, true; but even they derive quite as much pride and entertainment as they would from the Duke of York's Column or the Albert Memorial. It might be said that a battleship is not, in the ordinary sense, a commodity which can be exchanged between nations like pianos or billiard tables. But neither is the Haymarket Theatre. Yet should we be better off without the men who build theatres and play in them? It is obvious that we are here approaching the definition of life's object. Let us, however, first ask whether Germany would be better off with the much smaller population which abolition of her army would leave her—I assume that the surplus millions emigrate. Or take our fleet, and the hundreds of thousands of men, women and children maintained by its construction and manning. Would the community be better off were it relieved of these unproductive labourers? Taxation has little to do with it, we all voluntarily tax ourselves to maintain things equally "useless". If the irrevocable answer be that all such labour were best unborn, that our "handy men" are—in a strictly honourable sense—parasitic, I maintain that a logical policy of parasitic extermination would rid the community not only of yours truly, but of all such unprofitable workers as writers, actors, musicians, and political economists.

Yours faithfully,

P. G.

SCIENCE AND THE HUMANITIES IN BURMA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Godalming, 7 March 1910.

SIR,—There is now being made in Burma, the most eastern of the provinces of our Indian Empire, an attempt to form a society "which shall have for its objects the investigation and encouragement of science, art and literature in relation to the province and the neighbouring countries". It is hoped that this new society will form a bond of common interest between the various communities—European and Asiatic. It is also hoped that it may receive some assistance from the local Government, though it is recognised that its funds must be mainly derived from subscriptions of those joining it, and it is suggested that the amount of this subscription be only fifteen rupees yearly.

The interest excited by a society whose aim is to promote and diffuse fuller knowledge concerning this part of Asia and its inhabitants will be universally felt by all thinking people; and it is in the hope of enlisting their practical sympathy in laying the foundation of the society that I venture to bring its proposed formation to the notice of your readers. It would seem at first sight as if the society, taking as it were so vast an amount of knowledge into its scope, would be overwhelmed in consequence; but in its objects as set forth it is really necessary to include everything so as to interest everyone, though naturally it will be the local aspect of much of its work that will chiefly be studied. The combination of science and literature, too, seems a bold idea, but we have the example of Huxley to justify such a combination.

Such a society to be of practical use—a consideration that cannot be safely ignored—should become as soon as possible a storehouse of all knowledge relating to Burma, should have a good library under the care of a competent librarian, and should be in a position to enlist the services of all sorts and conditions of men who could in any way further its objects. There are very grave, but not, it is considered, insuperable difficulties to be overcome. Europeans in Burma are engaged (in a climate exhausting to them) all their best hours every day in laborious duties either in business or in Government work. There are practically no leisured classes amongst them. The natives of the country are differently circumstanced; but here again are difficulties due to long-continued Oriental apathy and indifference; the problem is how to overcome these difficulties.

A strong organising committee should be formed, and at its head and as titular president of the new society should be the Lieutenant-Governor of the province; it is very desirable—at first at any rate—to show all concerned that the support of the local Government is assured; and at all hazards it will be necessary to get and pay sufficiently a competent secretary and librarian, who at starting would also be curator of the society's museum. This committee would get in touch with all similar societies already established in the East (such as the Asiatic Society of Bengal) and with as many of the learned societies of Europe as possible, taking in all their publications; it would also arrange to be supplied with all Government reports and publications of interest, all scientific publications of Europe and America, and would purchase from time to time standard works on the subjects dealt with. It would also endeavour to get every man in any position in Burma—European or Asiatic, official or unofficial—to join the society. Those who excuse themselves by saying they have too much to do to allow them to give any useful attention to its objects should be reminded of the many hard-worked officials of the Indian Empire who have, notwithstanding official distractions, helped materially to forward the interests of science, art and literature. Educated Burmans, too, would be enlisted, as their assistance is essential in such subjects as local archaeology, folklore, etc.

For all this work, of course, funds will be required, and it is doubtful whether the proposed subscription of fifteen rupees yearly will be sufficient. Possibly it would

be better to suggest at first a subscription of, say, five rupees a month, and members joining should be encouraged to give donations to supply the immediately wanted starting expenses.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,
F. BIGG-WITHER (Captain),
Indian Army.

MARRIED WOMAN TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,
14 February 1910.

SIR,—The solicitor acting for the Bradford Corporation is reported as having stated during a recent case that the Board of Education had decided that in the interests of educational efficiency married women should be asked to terminate their engagements; and it was only in pursuing the policy laid down by the Board of Education that the Corporation had acted as they did, i.e. dismissed a married woman teacher against whose efficiency they made no suggestion.

If this statement of the Board's policy be correct, it would be interesting to learn what "interests of educational efficiency" are served by the dismissal of married woman teachers. Given equal qualifications, the married woman should prove a more effective teacher of girls than the single woman: firstly, because the more vital women become wives, and, secondly, because a married woman has a wider experience and a more developed personality than a single; while in the matter of domestic training, so much needed to-day by elementary school girls, a woman who can at one and the same time direct a household and teach in school is in a class entirely above that in which we must place the young woman whose domestic responsibilities extend as a rule no further than the tidying-up of her own bedroom. If, then, any teachers are to be dismissed, on educational grounds the single rather than the married ought to go. Hitherto the reasons given for dismissal have been economic. A temporary glut is to be relieved by turning out the married woman. But surely an authority should think first of the efficiency of its employees, not of the state of the labour market; it is, of course, absurd for a public body to attempt to dictate the mode of life of its servants. Hitherto these dismissals have resulted from local muddleheadedness; are they now about to receive Government encouragement?

I remain yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

BRUSSELS SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

51 Rue Armand Campenhout, Brussels,
3 March 1910.

SIR,—My notice has just been called to the letter of Edward H. Cooper in your issue of 21 January last. Mr. Cooper's experience must have been a very unfortunate, as it certainly was a very exceptional, one of the schools in Belgium. I write from a very intimate knowledge of these schools, gained from an experience of the last nine years. I have no hesitation in saying that they will compare favourably with the schools of any civilised country in the world. Parents need have no fear of their girls' morals being corrupted, nor of sending their girls to these schools for education. The schools are kept by ladies of high moral character who take the warmest interest in those placed in their charge.

I am writing because I think it unfair that so sweeping a charge should be made against these schools generally and that such charge should be left unanswered. I have educated and am educating my own daughters at some of these schools. I have prepared 291 girls for Confirmation who have received their education in Brussels, and I do not want to meet any nicer-minded girls. I shall be glad to recommend schools to any parents desiring to send their children here.

Yours sincerely,
W. W. CLARKE,
British Chaplain, Brussels.

"MUCH TALKERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn W.C.
9 March 1910.

SIR,—With the latter part of this lively little article, in which the writer so admirably hits off the good-humoured forbearance of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon audience to the come-to-do-you-poor-people-good attitude of the lecturer, probably most of the readers will agree; but is he not a little too sweeping and rather unkind to the modest debating societies "which meet once a week or once a fortnight or once a month to hear one of their number read an essay about something or other and to submit their criticisms upon the same"? Granting that the author is usually not an expert in writing and his audience not experts in thinking, a list of well-chosen subjects and a capable director will teach the two or three dozen members of the group a great deal more by reading and discussing than by reading only. Probably most of the people would not even read the subjects without the incentive of hearing others' opinions, and nothing else gives a working man better opportunity to put his thoughts into order and expression.

Your obedient servant,
S. B. K. CAULFIELD.

"BEES AND CLOVER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belmont, Lifford, Co. Donegal,
14 March 1910.

SIR,—Being interested in the letters in the SATURDAY REVIEW regarding "Bees and Clover", and also sorry that a statement of Darwin's should be questioned, I should like to state an idea which has occurred to me. Darwin says (as far as I remember) the humble bee is the only insect the proboscis of which reaches down into the nectary of the red clover (*Trifolium pratense*). Getting pollen on its wings in the act, it fertilises this plant. This statement only refers to these islands. Now, New Zealand is a big place, reaching from about 35° 30" to 46° 30". The climate in the north of the North Island being very different from that of the south of the South Island, and not being equalised by the influence of the Gulf Stream as it is in this country, may there not be some insect in certain parts of the country constructed so as to reach the honey in the red clover and so fertilise the plant? In other parts of the country these insects may not live, insects of which Darwin had no knowledge, and in a country of which he was not writing. In these parts of the country the humble bee would be of use.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
MARY CLARKE.

TOM BROWNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Bohemia has suffered a heavy loss this week in the death of Tom Browne. The polite world which does not know Bohemia can hardly understand what the death of Tom Browne means. He leaves a gap which it seems impossible anyone can fill.

Tom Browne had genius. He could interpret a type among his fellow-men with a fidelity to the original, to whatever extent it might be caricatured, which was not always conducive to the comfort of the original. But the genial good nature of the man was evident in everything he did. He never caricatured to hurt. He was one of the few men who have been discovered and given their chance by the cheaper comic papers. What Tom Browne might have been, what he would have done, had his earlier opportunities been greater, none can say. He was a mere boy—little more than a boy in years, certainly a boy in spirit—and humour in art was never more naturally embodied than in the kindly, keen-witted and unconventional touch of the author of "Weary Willy and Tired Tim".

Yours truly,
BOHEMIAN.

black and white; there are separate coaches on the railway and separate seats in the tramcars for the black people, who accept their inferiority with a smiling and dog-like content that is both natural and right, and that robs their presence of offence. But in the British West Indies the negro mingles with the crowd, and jostles against the white man, and can sit with him at the public table and enter the same public vehicle with him; and it is that which makes one's first impression of the nigger there so disagreeable. For it is not because he is ugly or brutal or grotesque that his presence dismays you; it is because he is, or appears to be, your equal. That is wrong; and no amount of argument or theory can ever make it right. I will not be betrayed into an excursion on the negro question; but I am recording impressions, and that is the first impression the ordinary English traveller will receive on making landfall in the West Indies.

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SIR,—There is now being made in Burma, the most eastern of the provinces of our Indian Empire, an attempt to form a society "which shall have for its objects the investigation and encouragement of science, art and literature in relation to the province and the neighbouring countries". It is hoped that this new society will form a bond of common interest between the various communities—European and Asiatic. It is also hoped that it may receive some assistance from the local Government, though it is recognised that its funds must be mainly derived from subscriptions of those joining it, and it is suggested that the amount of this subscription be only fifteen rupees yearly.

The interest excited by a society whose aim is to promote and diffuse fuller knowledge concerning this part of Asia and its inhabitants will be universally felt by all thinking people; and it is in the hope of enlisting their practical sympathy in laying the foundation of the society that I venture to bring its proposed formation to the notice of your readers. It would seem at first sight as if the society, taking as it were so vast an amount of knowledge into its scope, would be overwhelmed in consequence; but in its objects as set forth it is really necessary to include everything so as to interest everyone, though naturally it will be the local aspect of much of its work that will chiefly be studied. The combination of science and literature, too, seems a bold idea, but we have the example of Huxley to justify such a combination.

Such a society to be of practical use—a consideration that cannot be safely ignored—should become as soon as possible a storehouse of all knowledge relating to Burma, should have a good library under the care of a competent librarian, and should be in a position to enlist the services of all sorts and conditions of men who could in any way further its objects. There are very grave, but not, it is considered, insuperable difficulties to be overcome. Europeans in Burma are engaged (in a climate exhausting to them) all their best hours every day in laborious duties either in business or in Government work. There are practically no leisured classes amongst them. The natives of the country are differently circumstanced; but here again are difficulties due to long-continued Oriental apathy and indifference; the problem is how to overcome these difficulties.

A strong organising committee should be formed, and at its head and as titular president of the new society should be the Lieutenant-Governor of the province; it is very desirable—at first at any rate—to show all concerned that the support of the local Government is assured; and at all hazards it will be necessary to get and pay sufficiently a competent secretary and librarian, who at starting would also be curator of the society's museum. This committee would get in touch with all similar societies already established in the East (such as the Asiatic Society of Bengal) and with as many of the learned societies of Europe as possible, taking in all their publications; it would also arrange to be supplied with all Government reports and publications of interest, all scientific publications of Europe and America, and would purchase from time to time standard works on the subjects dealt with. It would also endeavour to get every man in any position in Burma—European or Asiatic, official or unofficial—to join the society. Those who excuse themselves by saying they have too much to do to allow them to give any useful attention to its objects should be reminded of the many hard-worked officials of the Indian Empire who have, notwithstanding official distractions, helped materially to forward the interests of science, art and literature. Educated Burmans, too, would be enlisted, as their assistance is essential in such subjects as local archaeology, folklore, etc.

For all this work, of course, funds will be required, and it is doubtful whether the proposed subscription of fifteen rupees yearly will be sufficient. Possibly it would

be better to suggest at first a subscription of, say, five rupees a month, and members joining should be encouraged to give donations to supply the immediately wanted starting expenses.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,
F. BIGG-WITHER (Captain),
Indian Army.

MARRIED WOMAN TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,
14 February 1910.

SIR,—The solicitor acting for the Bradford Corporation is reported as having stated during a recent case that the Board of Education had decided that in the interests of educational efficiency married women should be asked to terminate their engagements; and it was only in pursuing the policy laid down by the Board of Education that the Corporation had acted as they did, i.e. dismissed a married woman teacher against whose efficiency they made no suggestion.

If this statement of the Board's policy be correct, it would be interesting to learn what "interests of educational efficiency" are served by the dismissal of married woman teachers. Given equal qualifications, the married woman should prove a more effective teacher of girls than the single woman: firstly, because the more vital women become wives, and, secondly, because a married woman has a wider experience and a more developed personality than a single; while in the matter of domestic training, so much needed to-day by elementary school girls, a woman who can at one and the same time direct a household and teach in school is in a class entirely above that in which we must place the young woman whose domestic responsibilities extend as a rule no further than the tidying-up of her own bedroom. If, then, any teachers are to be dismissed, on educational grounds the single rather than the married ought to go. Hitherto the reasons given for dismissal have been economic. A temporary glut is to be relieved by turning out the married woman. But surely an authority should think first of the efficiency of its employees, not of the state of the labour market; it is, of course, absurd for a public body to attempt to dictate the mode of life of its servants. Hitherto these dismissals have resulted from local muddleheadedness; are they now about to receive Government encouragement?

I remain yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

BRUSSELS SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

51 Rue Armand Campenhout, Brussels,
3 March 1910.

SIR,—My notice has just been called to the letter of Edward H. Cooper in your issue of 21 January last. Mr. Cooper's experience must have been a very unfortunate, as it certainly was a very exceptional, one of the schools in Belgium. I write from a very intimate knowledge of these schools, gained from an experience of the last nine years. I have no hesitation in saying that they will compare favourably with the schools of any civilised country in the world. Parents need have no fear of their girls' morals being corrupted, nor of sending their girls to these schools for education. The schools are kept by ladies of high moral character who take the warmest interest in those placed in their charge.

I am writing because I think it unfair that so sweeping a charge should be made against these schools generally and that such charge should be left unanswered. I have educated and am educating my own daughters at some of these schools. I have prepared 291 girls for Confirmation who have received their education in Brussels, and I do not want to meet any nicer-minded girls. I shall be glad to recommend schools to any parents desiring to send their children here.

Yours sincerely,
W. W. CLARKE,
British Chaplain, Brussels.

"MUCH TALKERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn W.C.
9 March 1910.

SIR,—With the latter part of this lively little article, in which the writer so admirably hits off the good-humoured forbearance of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon audience to the come-to-do-you-poor-people-good attitude of the lecturer, probably most of the readers will agree; but is he not a little too sweeping and rather unkind to the modest debating societies "which meet once a week or once a fortnight or once a month to hear one of their number read an essay about something or other and to submit their criticisms upon the same"? Granting that the author is usually not an expert in writing and his audience not experts in thinking, a list of well-chosen subjects and a capable director will teach the two or three dozen members of the group a great deal more by reading and discussing than by reading only. Probably most of the people would not even read the subjects without the incentive of hearing others' opinions, and nothing else gives a working man better opportunity to put his thoughts into order and expression.

Your obedient servant,
S. B. K. CAULFIELD.

"BEES AND CLOVER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belmont, Lifford, Co. Donegal,
14 March 1910.

SIR,—Being interested in the letters in the SATURDAY REVIEW regarding "Bees and Clover", and also sorry that a statement of Darwin's should be questioned, I should like to state an idea which has occurred to me. Darwin says (as far as I remember) the humble bee is the only insect the proboscis of which reaches down into the nectary of the red clover (*Trifolium pratense*). Getting pollen on its wings in the act, it fertilises this plant. This statement only refers to these islands. Now, New Zealand is a big place, reaching from about $35^{\circ}30''$ to $46^{\circ}30''$. The climate in the north of the North Island being very different from that of the south of the South Island, and not being equalised by the influence of the Gulf Stream as it is in this country, may there not be some insect in certain parts of the country constructed so as to reach the honey in the red clover and so fertilise the plant? In other parts of the country these insects may not live, insects of which Darwin had no knowledge, and in a country of which he was not writing. In these parts of the country the humble bee would be of use.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
MARY CLARKE.

TOM BROWNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Bohemia has suffered a heavy loss this week in the death of Tom Browne. The polite world which does not know Bohemia can hardly understand what the death of Tom Browne means. He leaves a gap which it seems impossible anyone can fill.

Tom Browne had genius. He could interpret a type among his fellow-men with a fidelity to the original, to whatever extent it might be caricatured, which was not always conducive to the comfort of the original. But the genial good nature of the man was evident in everything he did. He never caricatured to hurt. He was one of the few men who have been discovered and given their chance by the cheaper comic papers. What Tom Browne might have been, what he would have done, had his earlier opportunities been greater, none can say. He was a mere boy—little more than a boy in years, certainly a boy in spirit—and humour in art was never more naturally embodied than in the kindly, keen-witted and unconventional touch of the author of "Weary Willy and Tired Tim".

Yours truly,
BOHEMIAN.

REVIEWS.

GATHORNE HARDY.

"Gathorne Hardy, First Earl of Cranbrook: a Memoir, with Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence."
 Edited by the Hon. Alfred Gathorne-Hardy. 2 vols.
 London: Longmans. 1910. 24s. net.

MR. GATHORNE-HARDY has been wise to publish his father's memoir within a few years of his death. Most executors and biographers wait so long for those whom they are afraid of offending to die that the interest sometimes evaporates. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy tells us in his introduction that he has "endeavoured to draw the line between undue reserve and indiscreet revelation as fairly as possible". It is quite evident that he must have suppressed a great deal, because although these volumes are interesting they are disappointing, and are not so interesting as they ought to be, or might have been, considering the position which Lord Cranbrook occupied for thirty years in the inner circle of the Tory party. That, of course, is not Lord Cranbrook's fault, but his son's. Editors are far too fearful of annoying the descendants of public men. What can it matter, for instance, to the present Lord Carnarvon or the present Lord Derby that Lord Cranbrook wrote bitterly of their fathers or uncles or grandfathers? It is this excessive squeamishness which makes so many biographies flat, stale and unprofitable. Moore really ought to have been hanged for his murder of Byron's biography, and we feel certain that a similar operation is being performed on Lord Beaconsfield's papers. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy is a criminal in a minor degree, because a good deal of the diary which he has let us read might have been written by an intelligent member of Parliament.

The reading of Lord Cranbrook's Life prompts the same query as Macaulay's Life by Trevelyan: What right has any mortal to so much prosperity and happiness? Gathorne Hardy was born in 1814 and died in 1906, a wonderful span, from the Regent to Edward VII., from Waterloo to Pretoria. During all that time he seems to have had hardly a day's illness, and at seventy-nine he looked a man in the prime of middle age; he was perfectly happy in his domestic life: almost from the day he donned wig and gown he got briefs; and after practising for about ten years he arrived at £5000 a year as "a stuff". Then his father died, leaving him a large fortune; within six months he was elected for the perfectly safe little borough of Leominster, and within two years he was Under-Secretary for the Home Department in Lord Derby's second Administration. From that hour promotion "marked him for her own", and he was successively President of the Poor Law Board, Home Secretary, Secretary for War, Secretary for India, and Lord President of the Council, obtaining in the peerage first a viscountcy and then an earldom. The gods loved him, but he did not die young, as he lived to be ninety-two and a great-grandfather. Those who interest themselves in the science of success will ask, What was Gathorne Hardy's secret? And what had he done to deserve all these favours? Well, in the first place, Hardy was a Yorkshireman, belonging to a family that justified its name and motto, "Armé de foi hardi". His grandfather was not, it appears, the steward of Mr. Stanhope of Cannon Hall, as Mrs. Pickering said in her Memoirs, but a Bradford solicitor who invested his professional earnings in the Lowmoor Ironworks, and thus founded the fortune of the house. Lord Cranbrook's father was a barrister, practising in the provinces, who became Recorder of Leeds, and Conservative member for Bradford from 1832 to 1847. Put all these antecedents together and you get a very good "pull", as the Americans call it, for a young barrister. As Mr. Alfred Gathorne-Hardy puts it, "Good luck, some interest at Bradford, and Yorkshire clannishness" gave his father his start at the Bar. It is an excellent thing to be a Yorkshireman, as it is to be a Scotchman, or a Roman Catholic, or a Jew, or anything clannish, if you wish to climb life's ladder. In truth Gathorne Hardy was a typical Yorkshireman,

in some points resembling Mr. W. E. Forster. The strong, square jaw, and broad, firm mouth; the tall, well-knit figure, and the clear light-blue eyes looking straight ahead—these are the marks of that shrewd and energetic race on our north-eastern strand which has contributed more than its share to the success of England. Just at that critical period in a barrister's career when he is applying for silk (which in this case was twice refused), Gathorne Hardy succeeded on his father's death to a share in the Lowmoor Ironworks sufficiently large to enable him to buy a charming estate in Kent and a house in Grosvenor Crescent, and also to do what every middle-aged barrister is dying to do—to throw his wig and gown out of window and snap his fingers at the Lord Chancellor. Hardy had already contested Bradford unsuccessfully, and politics were his real love. That he should have been made Under-Secretary for the Home Office in his third session seems extraordinary luck, but it must be remembered that the Peelite secession had robbed the Tory party of most of its ability and that Derby and Disraeli were very hard put to it to man their first two Governments. Seven years later Gathorne Hardy defeated Gladstone at Oxford University, and from that hour he never, officially speaking, looked back.

So far we have analysed the adventitious or external factors which helped Gathorne Hardy forward at the outset of his career. But even given such a start, he never could have reached and held the position which he subsequently occupied had he not been possessed of some moral qualities of a very rare and valuable kind. When we say that he was a man whom everybody trusted, we have said as much as can be said of any mortal. The Queen trusted him; Disraeli trusted him; and Lords Derby, Salisbury, Carnarvon, and Cairns, not to mention provoking impracticables like Henley and Walpole, frequently as they differed from one another, all agreed in trusting Gathorne Hardy, whose counsel and adherence all sought in turn. Nor was it only his integrity which they trusted, but his shrewd native judgment. Disraeli had good reason to trust and like Gathorne Hardy, for at the two most critical junctures of his life, during the passage of the Reform Act of 1867 and during the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877, when other great men deserted him, Hardy remained by his side. If Gathorne Hardy had followed Cranborne, Carnarvon, and Peel out of the Cabinet in 1867, or if he had followed Derby and Carnarvon in their resignations in 1877, Disraeli could not have carried on, and he would have been politically ruined. Gratitude was one of Lord Beaconsfield's strongest characteristics, and he never could do enough for the colleague who had always been loyal—except indeed make him his successor when he left the House of Commons in 1876. How Disraeli came to make the fatal blunder of confiding the lead of the House of Commons to Northcote instead of to Gathorne Hardy has never been explained, and little light is thrown on the mystery by these pages. Apparently Disraeli thought that Northcote being Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose departmental work is the lightest of the Cabinet Ministers, and Hardy being Secretary for War, whose office work is very heavy, the former would have more time for leading and managing the Commons. But that does not seem to us a sufficient reason, as Hardy could have been made First Lord of the Treasury, and Lord Beaconsfield could have made himself Lord Privy Seal. The mistake is the more inexplicable because, on the somewhat frequent occasions when Disraeli was absent between 1869 and 1872, Gathorne Hardy led the House with great success, and he was incomparably the best debater on the Tory benches. Whatever the explanation, the blunder was a very bad one, and its disagreeable effects made themselves known first to Lord Beaconsfield, but more painfully to Lord Salisbury, during the Parliament of 1880. Gathorne Hardy was justified in feeling angry at being superseded by Northcote; but it is unnecessary to say that he took his disappointment like the loyal partisan and gentleman that he was. At the same time he made up his mind to demand a peerage as soon as he could. It is amusing to speculate on what might

have been the fortune of the Tory party if Gathorne Hardy had led them instead of Northcote. Would he have been able to keep Randolph Churchill and the Fourth Party in order?

Gathorne Hardy reached the zenith of his parliamentary fame during the debates on the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1868 and 1869. Two of the Tory leaders at the time, the Chief and Lord Stanley, were known to care very little about the Irish Church, and Cairns had taken a judgship. Disraeli did not shine in these debates, which called for earnestness and depth of conviction, and Hardy describes Lord Stanley's speech, in moving an amendment to Gladstone's resolutions, as "the cry of a whipped hound". It was Gathorne Hardy's opportunity, and he took it. His speeches against disestablishment excited the most genuine enthusiasm amongst the Tory party, both in and out of Parliament, who never ceased, whilst he lived, to be grateful to their champion. There was not, in truth, very much in the speeches, and they could not be read now. Hardy could not deliver a prepared speech, and we do not think that a speaker incapable of that achievement—a much more difficult one than is supposed—can ever make a readable speech—one that will live. But Gathorne Hardy was a first-rate debater, admirable at weaving in his notes replies to previous speakers, and he could always be relied on to make what is called "a rattling party speech". An eminent but unfriendly critic (Bagehot) said of his speeches that they were "as stirring as the drum, and almost as empty". That is not fair; but no one would claim for Gathorne Hardy's speeches any depth or originality of thought, or any of that literary flavour which distinguished the speeches of Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Salisbury. Neither had they that fine edge of almost mathematical precision which marks the speeches of the great political lawyers, Westbury, Selborne, and Cairns. Gathorne Hardy's speeches were straightforward, slashing party attacks, and as such were exactly suited to the House of Commons late at night and to the big public meeting, which does not like too severe a strain upon its powers of thought. His speech against the Home Rule Bill in 1893 was fluent and loud, not in the least intellectual. When you add to Gathorne Hardy's resonant organ his manly and thoroughly English appearance, it is no wonder that from 1869 to 1879 he was the most popular of the Tory leaders.

There was an amusing attempt in 1871 to depose Disraeli from the leadership of the Tory party. A meeting of noodles, Pakington, Hay, Hunt, John Manners, Duke of Marlborough, Eustace Cecil, and Gerard Noel, was held at Burghley, and solemnly proposed to make Lord Derby leader. Derby, who could not make up his mind whether he should answer a letter, go for a walk, or drink a glass of sherry! Cairns, Northcote, and Hardy joined this imbecile conclave, which of course came to nothing. The following year Disraeli went to Manchester, and delivered "the extinct volcano speech", and nothing more was ever heard of another leader. But we have no space to deal with the political events in which Lord Cranbrook took a leading part. We have confined ourselves to an appreciation of his personality, which was one of the purest and strongest that ever appeared in English public life.

THE GREATNESS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

"Selections from the State Papers of the Governors-General of India." Edited by G. W. Forrest C.I.E. Oxford: Blackwell. London: Constable. 1910. 2 vols. 21s. net.

THE documents printed in these interesting volumes, like all that have leapt to light since Macaulay wrote his essays, make for the further vindication of Warren Hastings. Mr. Forrest, like Sir James Stevens and others who have been at pains to examine the contemporary records, is a warm defender of the great and persecuted Governor, who, at a time when the land was desolated by war, pestilence, and famine,

when all that was dear to the peasant—life, property, and family—were at the mercy of the whim, passion, or greed of landlord or official, well and truly laid the foundations of the existing administrative structure of order, peace, and security. Mr. Forrest has devoted a great deal of his lengthy introduction, which occupies one of the two volumes, to reviewing the Acts of Parliament relating to India passed while Hastings was in power in Bengal. He says the Regulating Act of 1773 was a failure, because it attempted what a Government can never do with success, direct interference in the local government of India. Another fatal flaw was that under the Act the Governor-General, though possessed of a casting vote, had otherwise no greater authority than any member of his Council. At present the Governors and the Governors-General can, subject to certain safeguards, on occasions of emergency, override their Councils—a power which Hastings wanted, but which was to him denied.

The State papers printed in the second volume are first a memoir relating to the State of India, second a narrative of the insurrection which happened in the Zemindary of Benares in 1781, and third a secret despatch giving an account of the negotiations with Madhojee Bonsla, Regent of Nagpore, which led to the Treaty of 1781, and to the defeat of the confederacy of Mahrattas, Nizam and Mysore for the overthrow of the British power. All these papers were written by Hastings, and in the first of them, commenting on the criticisms of his masters at home upon the financial condition of Bengal, he asks how—after a war sustained for five years with the three greatest States in India and after large subsidies granted to other Presidencies—it can fairly be considered matter for adverse comment that his Government had a debt of half a year's revenue; and he says, what a British Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord St. Aldwyn) has repeated upwards of a century later, that the finances of India were in a far better condition than those of the United Kingdom, while with quiet restraint he dwells upon the absence of commendation on the many and great successes of his Government at a time when every other portion of the British Empire was afflicted with the plagues of war and insurrection. As he remarks, "conduct which in better-supported portions of the British dominions would be applauded and rewarded would in his case be reprobated, with the aid and influence of that fashionable prejudice which ascribes every act of the Government of Bengal to improper motives and brands the authors with criminality".

In identical words Lord Minto might have been referring to the action of the small but mischievous and unpatriotic group, now happily dispersed, which harassed the Government of India in the last Parliament. The misrepresentations of agitators as to the condition of the people at the present day might also be answered in the following words of Hastings: "The submissive character of the people, the fewness of their wants, the facility with which the soil and climate, unaided by exertions of labour, can supply them, the abundant resources of subsistence and trafficable wealth which may be drawn from natural productions and from manufactures, both of established usage and of new introduction, to which no men on earth can bend their minds with readier accommodation, these are advantages which no united State upon earth possesses in an equal degree with the British possessions in India." Elsewhere, he gravely and conclusively disclaims any love of aggression and conquest, while pointing out that "he ever deemed it even more unsafe than dishonourable to sue for peace, and more consistent with love of peace to be aggressive in certain cases, than to see preparations of intending hostility, and wait for their maturity and for their being carried into effect, to repel them".

Again, how truly does he say that the duties and functions of the Supreme Government in India will never be well discharged unless it meets with the consideration due to it. Might not the present Viceroy of India adopt the very words of Hastings when he refers to the ease with which at such a distance any charge may be launched against the Indian authorities; while

against their antagonists the voice of truth itself, so remote, will scarce be heard, and if heard will make no impression upon minds under the influence of prejudice or determined by other motives against knowledge and conviction?

Hastings feared only one thing, and that was that Britain might lose dominions "held by delegated and filtered power over a region exceeding the dimensions of the parent State, and removed from it by a distance equal in its circuit to two-thirds of the earth's circumference", owing to well-meant but ill-informed action of the Government at home. In many stately sentences he lays down what he knows to be an unpopular doctrine, and on every page is the evidence of a master mind, and of the most minute knowledge of the circumstances with which he had to deal. The following words should be read in connexion with the recent occurrences in India, and an article published in the "Times" on the Chitpavan Brahmins of the Deccan, who exercise such great authority in the Bombay Presidency, and have created a National Mahratta feeling, which has evidently been diverted into channels of anarchy and assassination. Hastings wrote: "having mentioned different interests which seem to divide the present members of the Mahratta State, I should leave the subject imperfect, were I not to add that the Mahrattas possess alone of all peoples of the Hindus and the Deccan, a principle of national attachment, which is strongly impressed on the minds of all individuals of the nation, and would probably unite with their chief as in one common cause, if any great danger was to threaten the general state". Here is a prophecy already half fulfilled.

In the paper on the insurrection in Benares he shows what high courage and unfaltering determination can effect in the most adverse circumstances, and incidentally testifies to the loyalty of the Sepoys when wisely and considerately treated. Indeed, the instructions of his Government in regard to the treatment of the natives are almost identical with those Lord Morley enunciated in his Oxford speech; but it is certain that the civilians of the present day cannot be said to be "versed in the languages" to the extent which was then taken for granted.

The only mistake we can discover in this admirably edited volume is the substitution of "range" for "rauje" (raj) in Hastings' secret dispatch, the third and last of the printed papers. Not only those immediately interested in India, but all who love to read of really great men, will welcome these volumes, as they do everything written by and about Napoleon, Clive, Marlborough, and the few who can pretend to be peers of Warren Hastings.

THE HISTORICAL CHRIST.

"Christianity at the Cross-Roads." By George Tyrrell.
London: Longmans. 1909. 5s. net.

FATHER TYRRELL'S last book—finished shortly before his death, but left unrevised—is by far the most remarkable of the many valuable works which he has written. It is a great effort at reconstruction, a courageous attempt to gather up the last results of New Testament criticism and show their bearing upon modern life and thought. The author calls us away from all side issues and minor considerations, and fixes our attention on the central problem of twentieth-century religion—What was Christ, and what is He for men to-day? At the present crisis, when rival theories are waging furious war upon the battleground of Gospel criticism, it required some boldness even to approach this problem. But Mr. Tyrrell was never lacking in daring. No doubt the solution which he tentatively offers is one from which many theologians, Liberal as well as Conservative, will dissent. Probably Mr. Tyrrell himself, had he lived a few years longer, would have modified his statement and reconsidered some conclusions which appear to be not well founded. But in attempting a solution at all he has done a valuable service. Here at least is something to go upon, something which will serve as a basis for

future discussions. It may even turn out to be the real key to the whole problem. But it is too early to determine this at present. Time is needed, and patient research, before we shall be in a position to pronounce a final judgment. But, meanwhile, this book will suggest lines of thought which may be worked out with advantage. On every serious student of the problem of the Gospels it will make a profound impression.

The question which Mr. Tyrrell endeavours to answer is: What is the significance of Christ for the modern world? But before this can be dealt with, another preliminary question demands settlement, namely: What was the Christ of history? Here at the outset one finds oneself in the atmosphere of controversy. At the present time—if we leave on one side the view of traditional orthodoxy, which from the first has remained substantially unaltered—two main conceptions of Christ are current, each of them recommended by the authority of famous scholars. First, there is the conception of Liberal Protestantism. The key to this view may be found in the word "righteousness". Our Lord is represented as the divinely Righteous One, whose vocation it was to inaugurate on earth a Kingdom of Righteousness, a Rule of God over men's hearts and consciences. The essence of His Gospel was simply Righteousness, manifesting itself in love of God and our neighbour; all beside was accidental. No doubt Christ shared in a measure the apocalyptic expectations of His contemporaries, yet He spiritualised them throughout, using them as a vehicle for His deeper doctrine and translating all that was material into terms of higher ethics. With Him this ethical interest was the only thing that really mattered. Such, roughly, is the picture of Christ that is presented to us by Harnack and his school. These scholars seek, and believe that they find, in the Gospels a Person who incarnates all the loftiest ideals and principles of the modern world, whose "idea" is the "idea" of Western civilisation, and who therefore has a claim to the allegiance of a generation that profoundly believes in morality in this world, but has well-nigh lost its faith in the miraculous and its hope of the world to come.

Recently, however, another view has been coming into prominence. In the place of this ethical Christ of German Protestantism there rises the figure of the so-called "Christ of Eschatology"—the Prophet, the Visionary, the Mystic, utterly absorbed in the supernatural, frankly despairing of the existing world whose end He believed to be immediately at hand, and putting all His hope in a new, miraculous order of whose approach He was the herald. According to this conception Christ's interest was entirely in the other world. His aim was not in the least to reveal a new ethic which should gradually elevate and spiritualise the present life. He cared nothing whatsoever for the present life. How could He, when He believed that the fabric of things was on the brink of destruction? His aim was solely to prepare men for the other life, and to show them the conditions by which they might attain it. One of these conditions was righteousness; yet righteousness was not the substance of the other life. It was merely the means to the end, not the end itself. The Kingdom of God was a supra-moral condition, a state of transcendental blessedness in which men would be as angels, and in which the occasions of morality would not exist. Hence the morality of Jesus was for this life, not for the next—a passing condition, not the abiding substance of blessedness. The manner in which He conceived of the future was literally the same as that of the Jewish apocalypticists. He adopted their thought as well as their language. The only difference was that He believed that He Himself was destined to be the Messiah, the Son of Man, whose advent they expected. This was "the secret of Jesus"—the secret communicated in confidence only to a few disciples, and the betrayal of which by Judas was sufficient to bring about His death.

It will be evident, even from this slight summary, that these two views are at almost every point antithetical. The Christ of Liberal Protestantism is the Saviour of the world; the Christ of Eschatology is the Saviour from the world. The one is "this-worldly,"

the other is "other-worldly". The one is the great Moralist, the other the great Visionary. The one stands for the gradual transformation of this order by ethical influences, the other stands for the supersession of this order by another which is supra-ethical. The one is modern—we might almost say West-European—in his standpoint; the other, to the superficial observer at least, seems quite out of touch with the tendencies most characteristic of this age. At first shock moderns recoil from the conception of the eschatological Christ. Yet the tendency of modern criticism is undoubtedly to emphasise this view, rather than that of the Liberal school, as the more accurate interpretation of the Christ of history. There are difficulties, of course—more numerous and more serious than many advocates of the hypothesis are willing publicly to admit—and so long as these difficulties are unresolved it is not possible to arrive at any definite, final decision. Yet the general trend of modern scientific opinion is very significant.

Now granting that the eschatological reading of the Gospel is the true one, the question becomes pressing: Is the Christ of Eschatology, the Prophet of pure, unadulterated transcendentalism, really anything to us? Has He really a message for the modern world? Is He one whom we can still acknowledge as our Master, still follow as our Guide? For a brilliant attempt to answer this question we must refer the reader to Mr. Tyrrell's book. Mr. Tyrrell, without venturing himself to endorse the eschatological conception, takes it provisionally as a point of departure, and endeavours to show that the Christ here presented to us is after all essentially the very Christ whom the Catholic Church worships, and who has proved Himself, and still proves Himself, to be the Life of souls. The argument is lengthy and not always easy to follow, but it is conducted throughout in a masterly fashion. Granted the premises, there seems to be no escape from Mr. Tyrrell's general conclusion.

THE RISE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"The Rise of Louis Napoleon." By F. A. Simpson.
London: Murray. 1909. 12s. net.

A SMALL literature has already grown up round the earlier years of Louis Napoleon, but we have not yet had in English an impartial and accurate account of them compiled from original sources. This Mr. Simpson has now given us, and we believe his book will be accepted as the final word on the curious episodes which preceded the election of Prince Louis to the Presidency of the Republic. The author has many qualities requisite for an historian. His book is on a much higher level than are most of the ephemeral productions issued every week professing to deal with illustrious French men and women, and is really the fruit of critical research.

It is not surprising that during his lifetime no impartial work dealing with Napoleon III. could appear. The accounts that we have contain either fulsome adulation or indiscriminate abuse. For years after his fall calumny held the field; recently truth has begun to make its appearance, notably in the works of De la Gorce and Ollivier. But we have not learned much from them regarding the first forty years of the Emperor's life. The theory commonly held has been that Louis Napoleon owed his final success entirely to his name and that he triumphed in spite of the grotesque failures of his early manhood, that though he had done nothing himself to earn success he came to the front because his name promised France a refuge from disorder.

Mr. Simpson's design has been to show that he succeeded because he deserved to do so. There was no reason at all why he should have been selected by the French people more than any other scion of the House of Buonaparte. He rose to power because he had an intense belief in his own destiny, and as the result of a long process of self-advertisement, not always judicious, but always effectual. His character shows indeed a

very curious combination of resolution, tenacity and visionary idealism.

Mr. Simpson makes it quite plain that both his attempts on French garrison towns were by no means merely the grotesque absurdities they are usually represented. The Strasburg fiasco in 1836 might easily have had a very different ending. It was probably owing to his own idealism that it failed. The original design was to approach the 3rd Artillery Regiment, which was stationed in the centre of the city and had its guns all ready. Had they joined him the rest would have been easy, for malcontents, military and civilian, would easily have been terrorised into submission. The Prince, however, wished for general assent, and altered the plan at the last moment. It is true he won over the 4th Artillery, Napoleon's old regiment, but they had no guns at hand and he scattered and divided his forces. He was denounced as an impostor and not a Buonaparte at all, which checked the infantry, and he had no guns to fall back on. With the whole of the Strasburg garrison at his back he might quite conceivably have upset Louis Philippe's Government, which never was popular with either the army or the masses. The Boulogne affair, on the other hand, never seems to have had any genuine prospect of success. But the Orleanist Government might have succumbed to any well-engineered assault, for at the time it was both despised and hated. It had just received at the hands of Palmerston a snub over the Mehemet Ali affair which might well have proved fatal if adequately handled. But in the attempt at Boulogne there never was any reasonable prospect of success on which to act, though Louis Napoleon certainly had partisans in France who supplied him with valuable information as to the whereabouts of regiments, and maps were in his hands accurately containing all the details necessary to facilitate a march on Paris. At his trial before the Peers he really distinguished himself, his speech in defence was short and dignified. Indeed, on that occasion he redeemed the absurdity of the raid. The subsequent imprisonment at Ham was a very serious business, and when he escaped, after six years, there was clearly no connivance on the part of the French Government as has generally been maintained. In all these episodes he showed coolness and courage. His generosity to his supporters is incontestable: he compensated them lavishly for their sacrifices on his behalf. He inherited a large fortune from his mother which was entirely dissipated by the time he escaped from Ham, and what he had from his father soon followed it, for after the two raids he was saddled with a large number of pensioners. On his return to London after his escape, he plunged into the most reckless extravagances, probably as the result of careful calculation. It was all part of the advertisement campaign, which proved so successful, though by the time he was elected to the Chamber he had nearly come to the end of even what he could borrow. Like some of Lord Beaconsfield's heroes, he was a brilliant speculative investment on the part of the money-lenders.

After the fall of the Orleanist Monarchy he showed considerable astuteness in not too hurriedly putting himself forward, and when he did succeed his victory was both decisive and startling. The Republic ruined itself by its own absurdities, and everyone who had something to lose—a very large majority of the French population—found their only prospect of keeping what they had in the re-establishment of a strong central government.

With all his failings, it is certain that it was due to himself that Louis Napoleon was appointed to be the saviour of society. In spite of the ridicule of his own family, who desired only to be let alone to enjoy what was left of their fortunes in peace, he persisted in keeping the Buonapartist claims before the French public and the world. It is true that in many respects his ideas were vague and dreamy, but his writings showed that he had considerable knowledge of technical military matters, of political economy and science. His remarks on the political condition of the United States in 1837 show a clear conception of realities, and he was one of the first to point out that their revolt from

England had been really due not to constitutional grievances, the ostensible cause, but to commercial and material calculation.

CLASSICAL WAXWORKS.

"Four Sons." By A. H. Gilkes. With 7 Illustrations. Dulwich: Symcox. 1910.

THE "Four Sons" of Mr. Gilkes' book are young men, the sons of a Greek, a Roman, a Macedonian, and a Jew, and they are among the principal characters of the story. The scene of it is Southern Italy, and chiefly the Greek cities, Palæopolis and Tarentum, and the central year is 338 B.C. This year, by the way, Mr. Gilkes regards as falling in "the third century before Christ". Philip of Macedon was the greatest name of that day. Rome was as yet only the most vigorous of a number of small Italian communities. It is with a Greek attempt to resist the Roman stream of aggrandisement that the book deals. A young exiled Athenian dwelling in Palæopolis at the time of its surrender to a force of Romans makes up his mind to compel the insulting conqueror to think better of the Greeks. This Iphicrates gathers and drills a small army and successfully encounters the master of Palæopolis. But it is an isolated movement; Iphicrates retires from Italy, and the book ends with a short chapter, "Many years later", in which he is to be found lecturing on "The future history of the world" to an audience including, by chance, all three of his former companions.

The book can command attention only on account of its seriousness, its carefulness (except in grammar), and its knowledge of a period. As a story, we can only say of it that its outline and structure might have been those of a good book, but certainly are not. Several of the incidents are in themselves attractive, and one or two are even sensational; but they are without the breath of life. Mr. Gilkes is continually telling us that this thing took place or that somebody said that, without in the least persuading us that it was so. When, for example, the Roman general demanded the surrender of Palæopolis, the writer tells us that the Priest Hiero appeared in the guard-room above the gate and announced that the citizens would consider and answer soon, whereupon a "dark spare man" pushed the priest aside and cried out that the Romans should enter only by force. On the next page we are merely told that the attacking party marched up to the gate and was received by priests bearing olive branches, instead of by that "dark spare man" and his followers. Of what was taking place in the city nothing is said, and we know that nothing Mr. Gilkes could say would give an impression of human activity, either mental or physical. As an example of his method we will quote from the passage where the "dark spare man", Hippocrates, is brought up before Postumius, the Roman general, and refuses to be faithful to Rome:

"Postumius signed to an officer, who stood behind him; the officer went forward, with a short sword in his hand, and stood for quite a half-minute in front of Hippocrates, looking at Postumius. Hippocrates stood still. Postumius looked steadily at Hippocrates, then he gave a signal, and the officer pierced the breast of Hippocrates exactly above the heart. So he died. The Roman soldiers looked on with indifference; the people of Palæopolis were white with terror; Isychrus frowned, Makistos drew a long breath, Joshua and Elias sobbed aloud. Iphicrates ran forward and kneeled by his father, lifted his head and kissed his cheek."

This is characteristic. Mr. Gilkes may have mistaken this method for restraint. It consists, we need scarcely argue to demonstrate, in a series of statements which are ineffective separately and altogether. They probably indicate that the writer had no kind of image in his mind of what he was attempting to depict. That he has given much attention to the period and to the characters of the four young men we do not deny, but what he succeeds in expressing is only enough to help

patient and sympathetic readers to see what he is driving at. He creates nothing. He knows how a trireme was rowed, and can tell us that the Keleustos was crying "O'op, O'op" to give the time to the rowers; but making a picture is impossible to him. A writer with less of the imaginative and creative gift it would be very hard to discover. One other example will suffice. He is describing a ship coming into the harbour of Tarentum, and he says, among other things:

"The bows of the ship were high and carved into the likeness of a sea monster, such as the designer of it had conceived a pristin to be."

This does not convince us that Mr. Gilkes has seen that ship and its figurehead. He cannot make us see it or make us believe that he has any conception of what a pristin was. If Mr. Gilkes were not a very sober serious man we should be inclined to say that those words from "such" to "be" are among the most indolent we have ever seen in type.

It remains only to be said that Mr. Gilkes lays great stress upon the fact which he thus expresses:

"Greek beauty was becoming sensuous, Greek intellect was beginning to spend itself on trifles, and Greek refinement was becoming only a power to produce and feel enjoyment";

and that he makes Iphicrates, his young Greek, a kind of anima naturaliter Christiana who has learned from his Jewish friends the hope of a Messiah.

NOVELS.

"The Thief of Virtue." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

One of the most interesting features in Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new story is his faith in its tragic elements. Before the volume is half done he has reached the point where most men would have concluded it, he has wrung out the last savour of its elementary romance. The man has died who made the tragedy, and died silent; the woman with whom he made it has outlived love and remorse, and is only haunted by fear. The man's death frees her even of that, so that at last out of her evil only good has come to her, and her husband draws more than a compensating advantage from the wrong done him. But Mr. Phillpotts' interest, unlike that of Mr. Thomas Hardy, with whose talent and temperament he has much in common, is not intent on marking the remorseless working-out of a challenged fate. He does that indeed, but the fate he chooses to watch is not selected for its didactically tragic qualities; it misses the pessimistic completeness of classic drama from its very truth to the common lot of men. Here, for example, he has a theme with as magnificent possibilities of misery as any over which the great Greeks loved to brood. It might, almost without manipulation, have furnished a drama from which scarcely a single harrowing accentuation of tragedy should be missing. Mr. Phillpotts could scarcely have been blind to the potentialities of his own invention, and therefore we may assume that he wilfully set them aside to secure others which more appealed to him. At almost every stage of the story he declines the climax for which he seems to have been working, and towards which our expectations appear to have been led. More than once, indeed, he comes so near that spiritually the climax has been reached, though actually it has been avoided; as when Unity waits her husband's coming across the moor, ready to murder her lover, if death delays too long to claim him. Even there he seems disinclined to heighten our tragic sense of the occurrence, treating it with such simplicity that our conception of the woman's character remains unaffected. In thus preferring the tragedy of time to that of passion, and declining the more dramatic culmination as outside common human experience, Mr. Phillpotts might appear to be choosing artistically the less important interest; but that may by no means be the case. His renunciation of the great dramatic moments requires a more continuous delineation of the tragi-comedy of life, a necessity made

the more onerous by his determination to present it as affecting more than one generation. For such a task he has already given evidence of his great gifts; a most sympathetic appreciation of the character of his West-country folk, an unforced and unfailing humour, complete detachment as a chronicler, a keen vision and sense of beauty, and a power of expression which never fails of its intention and often achieves a delicate and arresting charm.

"I Will Maintain." By Marjorie Bowen. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

An historical novel is generally bad. It is easy to see why. It falls between the intention to write history and the intention to write a novel. It consists, as a rule, of two parts. One part is history, good or bad according to the erudition of its author. The other part is novel, an appended romance with a specially imported hero and heroine who dash about and damage the history whenever they get loose. "I Will Maintain" is not of this class. It is pure history; but it is history set off with imaginative touches in points of detail to make it real to the heart as well as to the mind. Those who want a living presentment of William of Orange on the lines of Macaulay's estimate of him will get it here. Nor is the picture of John de Witt less real or less sympathetically drawn. We assume that the author has kept to history because she has felt quite rightly that any romance by the side of the romance of William's defence of Holland would look but a poor thing. This book contains every promise of yet finer work to come.

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SHORTER NOTICES.

"India and the Tariff Problem." By H. B. Lees Smith. London: Constable. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

Professor Lees Smith seems to have spent many patient hours of study in order to build up a lengthy argument against the possibility of imperial preference being extended to India. He is one of the economists who encourage Lancashire in her opposition to tariff reform. His point is that if Great Britain puts on tariffs against the foreigner she will have as a mere matter of justice to give India the right to adopt protective measures against herself. From preferential tariffs, he says, India has little to lose or gain: from protection she has much to gain. The argument is not new, and is wholly unconvincing even when set out in detail as in this little book. It is not the competition of Lancashire that India has to fear in the future so much as the competition of China and Japan; whilst Lancashire itself, as Mr. Balfour showed during the election, will have to reckon with the inventive faculties of the German and the American. The suggestion is that we could not make preference of real benefit to India in the markets of the Empire. Tea and tobacco might be given consideration, which would be a boon both to India and to the consumer here. The idea that we should have to surrender to the clamour of certain interests in India which want protection against the rest of the Empire as well as the foreigner is among the far-fetched theories of Manchester. The fiscal system forced on India in the name of Free Trade has been as costly to her as free imports to large British industries. When India wanted revenue in 1897, Manchester was able to impose her own terms; when a tariff reform government introduces imperial preference Manchester will certainly not be allowed to make the scheme ridiculous in the way that Mr. Lees Smith foreshadows.

"The Days of the Directoire." By Alfred Allinson. London: Lane. 1910. 16s. net.

The Directoire period has been already thoroughly explored. With the publication of M. Vandal's masterly work "L'Avènement de Bonaparte" all doubt as to the causes which made inevitable the coup d'état of the 18 Brumaire was removed, and their right places were assigned to the various persons who pulled the wires. There is nothing new to be said about it. The period was a time of moral corruption and national degradation rarely equalled, and the principal actors, before Napoleon arrived, were sordid and depraved. The story is an ugly one, and we cannot say that Mr. Allinson has told it in a coherent manner or treated his materials with skill. The book is mostly composed of copious extracts from the "Cambridge Modern History", Mignet, Lanfrey, or the de Goncourts' well-known work. The arrangement of these quotations is carried out with very little ingenuity. There is a note by another hand on the costume of the time, which was in truth both absurd, extravagant, and indecent. The period itself has no historical meaning apart from the Revolution which preceded it and the Napoleonic era which followed it. Hardly any attempt is made here to put it in its due relation to those epochs. In fact, the writer's methods are not above the level of the ordinary book-maker's. There are some really good illustrations, which are the best feature of the work.

"Thomas Carlyle: the Man and his Books." By William Howie Wylie. London: Fisher Unwin. 1910. 2s. 6d. net.

William Howie Wylie's book on Carlyle is well worth reprinting. It takes us back to a day when biographies and memoirs were not yet the chosen field for the maker of books. Moreover, it is good to read a book on Carlyle, wherein we are not urgently called upon to take sides in the domestic difficulties created for him by Froude. No fairer or better view of Carlyle than Wylie's has been presented, or need be. Wylie could appreciate Carlyle as quickly and as keenly as did Goethe; and with Mazzini he was ready to put his finger upon the weak place. What a wonderful judgment was that of Mazzini! Before most people had recovered from the shock of Carlyle's first entry into letters—before they could read the rugged lines, much less read between them—Mazzini had summed up the matter. "Mr. Carlyle comprehends only the individual, the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. He sympathises with all men, but it is with the separate life of each, and not their collective life." And Mazzini was the man who, according to Carlyle, cherished only "rose-water imbecilities"!

"The Dauphines of France." By Frank Hamel. London: Paul. 1910. 16s. net.

A man who sets out to write of fifteen princesses living at any time between the Hundred Years War and the French Revolution sets out to gossip. He may deny that he does so, like Mr. Hamel, who has "aimed at producing in every

case a finished study of life and character". But Mr. Hamel has not yet proved himself to be a serious enough historian for us to take his lofty intention very literally. The book is not amiss of its kind. Those who like to read of courts and kings, and like to hear once again of the triumphs and sorrows of Catherine de Medici, Mary Stuart, and Marie Antoinette, will be as well served by Mr. Hamel as by any other among the many who do this kind of thing. We cannot well say more; but let Mr. Hamel, by way of flattering unctious, lay it to his soul that serious history is to-day an exceedingly serious business and that good gossip is difficult and rare.

"The Literature of the Victorian Era." By Hugh Walker. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 10s. net.

A good book of a bad class. We have neither space nor energy to discuss at any length this sort of compilation. A brief of the literature of the Victorian age or of any literature is a barbarous idea, however well done. Mr. Hugh Walker is too good a man to be put or to put himself to hack-work of this sort.

We do not know whether Lamb would have put such a book as "The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers" (Sutton, 5s. on his list of books that aren't books, but it would not much matter if he had barred it. It is necessary to a gardener—at least to many a gardener—as a spade or hoe or rake is necessary. It has reached its fourteenth edition already, and no doubt will reach its fortieth in time. It is not one of your beautiful garden books, its aim is merely to be useful. It is to be bought by amateur kitchen-gardeners.

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ERRATUM.—In the notice of "Insect Wonderland" "Miss Patty's Parables" was a printer's mistake for Mrs. Gatty's Parables.

For this Week's Books see page 378.

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